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THE GREAT PIONEER FAMI

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THE GIFT OF TEARS.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Though I be shut in darkness, and become
Incontinent dust, blown idly here and there,
I hold oblivion a scant price to pay
For having once had held against my lip
Life's brimming cup of hydromel and rue—
For having once known woman's holy love
And a child's kiss, and for a little space
Been boon companion to the day and night,
Fed on the odors of the summer dawn,
And folded in the beauty of the stars.
Dear Lord, though I be changed to senseless
clay,
And serve the potter as he turns his wheel,
I thank Thee for the gracious gift of tears!

A Terrible Repentance

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "ON HER WEDDING-MORN," "BETWEEN TWO SINS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MINE—all mine! Mine the grand sweep of meadow-land, green and fertile, looking like a sea of gold when the wind stirred the yellow buttercups! Mine the range of purple-tinted hills that lay in the distance, clothed with trees which had been the growth of centuries! Mine the pine-forest stretching down to the sea, with its rich aromatic odors, and its never-ceasing music as the wind swayed the heads of the stately pines! Mine the shady woods with their open glades, their leafy cloisters, where the sunlight fell on the sward, filtered, as it were, through the boughs of the interlacing trees, where the wild-flowers grew in lavish abundance—a lovely verdant kingdom wherein the merry brown hares roamed at will and the bright-eyed squirrels leaped fearlessly from bough to bough! Mine the magnificent gardens, said to be the finest, the most extensive, and the best laid out in the country, with their wealth of ferneries, and greenhouses, fountains, and statuary! Mine the fine trout-stream that ran through the wide domain! Mine the numberless little brooks that meandered along peacefully and found their way to the river Floy, and were then swept on to mingle their waters with the ever-restless ocean! Mine the grand old mansion called Jesmond Hall, one of the most ancient and picturesque houses in the country, a stately pile of gray stone standing on the slope of a hill! Originally it had been a castle, held by one of the early Saxon chiefs. It had changed hands many times, and had been added to, taken from, and altered until it became what it now was, a confusion of architectural styles, in which the original was almost obliterated by the later additions; yet withal was it a most picturesque home.

The terraces and gardens had a gentle slope, and the deep swift river Floy ran at the foot of the hill; and in the distance there was a glimpse of the sea—for Jesmond stood on the fair coast of Hampshire. Mine the fine old ruins, with their ivy-clad walls and well-preserved keep! Mine all the wealth that had been hoarded in hidden coffers, the countless thousands that had been accumulating for long years! Mine the diamonds and rare jewels—Jesmond heirlooms! Mine the pictures—literally worth a king's ransom—the fine old silver, the treasures of gold, of rare old china, of buhl, of jasper, and of marqueterie—all that the old Hall contained was mine—all mine!

As I, Felicia Gordon, stood on the summit of the steep grassy hill, everything on which I gazed was my own, except the vast expanse of sea which bounded my estate on the south.

I was not vain; but, looking back, I should imagine that my heart swelled at that moment with a sense of my own importance. On this large domain there were many tenants. Pretty little farms nestled in the valleys, quaint old-fashioned homesteads dotted the meadows, the straggling little village of Mead was all mine, and I owned many houses in the town that lay nearest to the Hall—Honton; so that numbers of men, women, and children were dependent on me, many lives lay, as it were, in my hand; and on this bright May morning, when I stood on the hill-top, looking over my miniature kingdom, my heart and mind were full of good resolutions.

This splendid fortune which had come so unexpectedly to me should not be spent on myself in lavish luxury, in gaieties, frivolities, or senseless extravagance. That I seriously resolved. Heaven had given it to me, and I would do good with it and use it wisely. There should be no bitter abject poverty, no sickness should go unrelieved, there should be no want of education on my fair estate of Jesmond. I would be queen and mother to my people. My heart warmed to them, yearned over them, as I stood and contemplated how boundlessly Dame Nature had dealt with the fruitful lands before me. No motherless children should weep on those fertile lands.

My first undertaking would be an orphanage, to be built down by the sea, yet so near Jesmond that I could visit it every day. No old men or old women should live half starving and die forlorn within the limits of my domain, for I would have almhouses that should yet be comfortable homes. The sick should not lie neglected and helpless in the cottages that were mine, for I would build a large hospital near the village of Mead, where the air was clear and bracing. The children should have their schools and playgrounds, and education should be free to all. I would be queen and mother in a true and real sense to those whom Heaven had in a measure confided to my charge. My heart and soul were fired with these resolves.

The blue heavens shone above me; the yielding earth laughed beneath my feet; the air was full of the luscious odors of May, the scent from the pine forest, the brine from the sea, and nearer to me came heavily-laden gusts of perfume from lilac and magnolia blossom. I shall never forget the moment when, standing on the green hill-top, the shining, shimmering sea in the distance, I registered my vow to live for others and not for myself alone.

The will which gave me all this wealth was indisputably clear and simple, and had in it no flaw. My uncle Sir William Jesmond had but one son, Paul, who was his natural heir and successor.

The Jesmonds of Jesmond Dene were a very old family, but at the time when my story begins their number had greatly decreased. They had died away—fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers—until there was no one left of a once numerous race except Sir William, the owner and lord of Jesmond Dene, and his sister, my mother, Teresa Jesmond.

Sir William was at heart a miser. He loved money for its own sake, and the sight of it never failed to bring a smile to his hard mean face.

Although my mother was his own and only sister, when she married he gave her no dowry, but very unwillingly made her a present of a few hundred pounds, with an intimation that she must ask no more. She never did; but in those days, when she deplored my uncle's meanness, she never thought that his gold was accumulating for me.

My mother had married a clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Gordon, and I was their only child. They both died when I was a girl of thirteen, and my father's sister, Annette Gordon, took charge of me.

Sir William Jesmond was married, and a son and heir had been born unto him; but in his lifetime the home at Jesmond Dene was not a happy one. I went there once. Lady Jesmond had asked aunt Annette to bring me for the summer holidays, and I well remember the magnificent old house with its treasures, the gardens and grounds, the woods and the sea. I remember Sir William, a tall spare man with a mean face and small cunning eyes; I vividly recollect Lady Jesmond, a faded elegant woman, who seemed to me to be tired of life; but I remember best of all my handsome bright-faced cousin Paul. I was thirteen years of age then, he five years older. He was very kind to me, and I loved him with all the ardor of a childish love. He was a young prince and a veritable hero in my eyes.

"Cheer up, Felicia!" he would say to me twenty times a day. "I am going out to see the world, and, when I have seen it, I shall come home and marry you."

"But Sir William will never give us any money," I would remark, with a keen conviction that nothing could be done without it.

"I will make plenty of money, dear. My father may keep his," he would answer cheerfully.

And, of all the memories of my girlhood, that of my handsome, generous, laughter-loving cousin stands out the brightest and the best. How little I dreamed in those days that I should ever take his place!

My life was spent quietly enough with my aunt Annette. She had a small annuity, out of which she fed, clothed, and educated me, for I had not in the wide world one shilling of my own.

It may be imagined therefore what a change it was for me—a penniless orphan—when I became sole heiress of Sir William Jesmond of Jesmond Dene, his land, shares, untold gold, all mine.

Lady Jesmond died when her son was nineteen, and after her death Sir William became, if possible, a greater miser than ever, and almost refused himself the necessaries of life. None but the old servants bound by strong ties to the family would tolerate his meanness; even his son Paul could not endure it. He wanted to see the world, as he had always desired, and, after many disputes and arguments, Sir William purchased for him a commission in the —th Hussars.

Three months after he joined the regiment it was ordered off to India, and Paul thankfully embraced the opportunity of getting away from the paternal roof and "seeing the world" at the same time. Five years passed, and there was little communication between father and son. Sir William's was a wretched, miserable life, and it ended as miserably as it had been spent. He was found dead in his chair, holding in his hand a letter written by Colonel Brownlow, of the —th Hussars, telling him that his son Captain Paul Jesmond had died suddenly of a malignant fever without having had time to write him one word of farewell.

The old Baronet had never seemed to care much for either his wife or child, but that letter killed him. He had given his life, his heart, his soul, to gold—he had worshipped his accumulating wealth to the exclusion of everything else in life;

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hood, and [illegible]
solation of one partn[illegible]
look at the face he loved.

Sir William was buried in due course; and, when his will was read, it was made clear that I, Felicia Gordon, was sole heiress of all his wealth. The terms of his will were simple enough. He left everything in the world—land, houses, money, scrip, and shares—to his son Paul Jesmond. If his son married and had issue, the property was to descend intact to his eldest son. If Paul Jesmond died unmarried, it was to go without reserve to his niece Felicia Gordon, the only child of Teresa Gordon, his sister. It was to descend to her children if she married; if she did not, it passed to some distant relatives to whom Sir William had always entertained a strong antipathy. That I was the next of kin there was no doubt. Sir William was dead, Paul was dead; Jesmond Dene, with its rich revenues, was mine.

It was early in February when I came with aunt Annette to take possession of my new home, and it was the beginning of May when I made my resolve to live for others and not for myself.

I had been at Jesmond Dene about three months, and had grown to love the place and the people. I had just begun to put my philanthropic resolutions into shape, and my buildings were slowly rising beneath the hands of the many workmen engaged.

The grand old mansion had been renovated—some of Sir William's hoarded thousands had been spent upon it—and the grounds and gardens had been rescued from the weeds and long-standing neglect. I had increased my staff of servants—indeed everything was in the very perfection of order—and I was unboundedly happy. I was to be happier still, although the full light of the sun was hidden from me for the present.

CHAPTER II.

A smile came over the kindly face of my aunt Annette when I told her of my resolves.

"Mother and queen!" she repeated. "I wish you health, strength, and wisdom to keep to them."

The May sun never shone on a brighter fate than mine or on a lighter heart. It was true the shadow of death lay over my new inheritance; but then I had seen my uncle only once, and that some years before. For the bright-faced handsome cousin dead in a far-off land I had the deepest pity, and one of my first acts was to erect to his memory a beautiful marble cross—and that memorial was always surrounded by fragrant flowers.

All the novelty of my position had died away when the month of May came round. I might have been Miss Gordon of Jesmond Dene all my life, everything came so naturally to me. The tenants liked and trusted me, the servants showed me absolute devotion; my buildings were all in progress, my aunt and I were happy beyond words in the grand old mansion. Our neighbors had called upon us; but it was too soon after Sir William's death for us to receive or pay visits.

We were happy enough without that—indeed the hours of the day were not sufficiently long for all the pleasant occupations we found to engage us. Aunt Annette was as young at heart as I was myself, and, when the moon was silvering the ripples of the sea, it was no unusual thing for us to wander down to the shore and gaze in rapturous awe and delight at the majestic scene before us.

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…e was much amused at the …hip which Lady Saxon had …e.

…ore Lady Saxon's own daugh- …ld not care more for you," she … to me.

…uld those words, so carelessly ut- …ouch my very heart? Of course he …d come home some day, and I should …e him; and would talk to me, this dreamer of dreams, because his mother loved me. Then my thought would become confused and my heart beat more quickly than ever.

One morning Lady Saxon drove over with a bundle of letters from her son to read to me. They were dated from different places, and in several of them he spoke of coming home; but no definite time was mentioned.

"He may come at any time now," said Lady Saxon—"at any hour. If Heaven will but give me my son once again, he shall not leave me. I wish he would marry."

As she spoke she fixed her eyes on my face, and my instinct told me that in her heart she added, "I wish he would marry you;" and that look in her eyes was often there when she spoke to me of Lord Saxon.

It was early in June, and the world seemed a paradise of beauty, fragrance, and song: the great magnolia-trees on the lawn were all in bloom, and the light breeze wafted the perfume of myriads of flowers. I had some fine white jessamine that was in the full perfection of beauty, and, as Lady Saxon was very fond of it, I resolved to drive over and take her some. The birds were trilling their tuneful lays, the banks and hedges were resplendent with clusters of wild-flowers, whilst the wind played musically as it rustled gently among the leaves of the lime-trees. All nature appeared in its brightest garb and in its gayest mood. To my girlish fancy, excited by always hearing of the young lord, the birds sang "Nello" in their shrill sweet voices and the wind whispered "Nello" to the green lime-leaves that had on them a half-golden glow.

I drove through the wealth of rich summer foliage and flowers, always keeping in view the murmuring sea, as it rolled lazily in the golden sunlight, until I came to Dunroon's stately mansion.

A groom came out and relieved me of the high-spirited ponies.

"Her ladyship is in the garden, Miss Gordon," he said, knowing that I always made my way straight to her wherever she was.

Yes; her ladyship was in the garden, her hands full of crimson roses, and a light on her pleasant face such as I had never seen before.

"Felice," she cried, when she saw me—she always used the French form of my name—"Felice, what good angel has brought you here?"

"I came to bring you this," I answered, holding out the white odorous jessamine. "Let me twine it with your roses," I said; and, lo, she was looking at me with tears in her eyes!

"This is not the only welcome gift that has come to me to-day," she murmured to herself. "Come with me, Felice; I have something to show you," she said; and I followed her, my hands filled to overflowing with the fragrant flowers.

She led the way to a pretty little drawing-room, called Sea View room, from the fact that a magnificent view of the sea, of the stretch of yellow sands, and of the blue waters that came rolling in, breaking into sheets of white foam, could be obtained from the long wide windows. She entered the room quietly, and I followed. By the open window, intently watching the inrolling of the waves, stood a tall young man; and, when he turned at the sound of our entrance, I saw the face of Lord Saxon—"Nello," as the birds, the leaves, and the wind sang it; "Nello," as the word fell like two notes of liquid music from his mother's lips; but Lord Saxon to me. As she had taken me to see his portrait, so she now brought me to see him in person. She led me to him.

"Nello," she said, "this is my new neighbor, Miss Felicia Gordon, the 'Felice' of whom I have written so often. Though I am an old lady and she a young one, we are very fast friends."

"My mother's friends are always mine," he said, holding out his hands to me in the most cordial manner.

I wish I could describe what I then felt. In our lives there are moments so full of emotion that they seem to mark a turn in them that we never reach again.

This was such a moment for me. I could not describe it. At first I felt almost a shock, as though the picture had suddenly come to life and the dark tender eyes were again smiling down into mine.

Then I saw the dancing waves crest tipped by the powerful rays of the summer sun, I saw the yellow sands, and the gently-waving foliage of the trees on the lawn, I saw the bouquet of fragrant flowers that I held in my hands. Ah me, to this day the sight and the scent of those flowers vividly bring back the past to me! When I look at them, Swinburne's line come home to me with singular force—

"I shall never again be friends with roses."

And then I raised my eyes and looked at the original of the picture that had so strangely fascinated me. It was as though I had raised them to the warm noon-day sun, as though a thrill of fever passed through my veins; my heart beat violently, my face flushed, some of the flowers fell unheeded to the ground. I remembered what his mother had said, that all women who looked into his face loved him. Did I? The very thought made me tremble; but it was not with fear. He was speaking to me, of what I hardly knew, for in the spell his presence cast over me I saw nothing but the surpassing loveliness of his marvellous face. All the attributes of a noble character were delineated in it, and it had an indefinable something which, without my knowing it, drew my heart from my breast and kept it.

"What a glorious bouquet you have," he was saying; "and how beautiful they are! I did not know that red roses and white jessamine went so well together."

"That is Felice's taste," said Lady Saxon: "and it is perfect."

"It is like herself," he remarked, with a glance of unmistakable admiration.

Ten minutes later I was sitting on the couch by the great window. Lady Saxon had taken off my hat and mantle, her son had relieved me of my burden of flowers, and I was at home with them—happy, light of heart, but with a strange sensation of almost terrified delight, something quite new to me. I could not tell which was the greater, the pleasure or the pain of it. I did not often look at him; but my ears drank in every word that he uttered. I had never before known the charm of a good talker, and to me the flow of his words was like listening to a strain of sweet music. He had a low, clear, cheery voice, and a laugh that did one good to hear. Looking back on that day, I blame myself. No girl ought to give her love unasked. It is unmaidenly, undignified; but it was more Lady Saxon's fault than mine. She had sown the seed, and I was to reap the harvest.

Lady Saxon begged me to stay for the day, and assuming that she had my consent, ordered the carriage to fetch aunt Annette. It was a day of days! I could no more describe it than I could paint the rose, the gold, and the purple that flush the morning sky. It was the day on which my soul woke to maturity; and the dawning of that new life was terrible even in its beauty. It was brightest sun and deepest shadow—sun when the light of his face was turned upon me, when he showed me any gracious little act of attention; shade when he was absent or engrossed with another.

We were out on the lawn under the white magnolia-tree, and he was talking to me of the power of its perfume. When we came to the sweet syringa-trees, he told me a legend of one of his ancestresses, who broke off a spray to give to her lover when he was going to the wars, and it was returned to her dyed with his heart's blood.

"It was taken from this very tree," he said.

After dinner, when we were out under the cypress, Lord Saxon told me how often his mother had written about me, and how well he knew the name of Felicia Gordon.

"There was one surprise in store for me," he said, with a smile. "I thought you were a staid matronly lady, and I found you a young girl. I was astonished when I saw your face behind that great mass of flowers."

I longed with all my passionate young heart to ask him if he had found my face fair, if it had pleased him. But no—he must never know that his mother had made me love him before he returned home.

No one should know, no one should even guess my secret; no one should read it in my face, or hear it in my voice, or see

…orld can …standing of …cultivation of it. …world of stern real- …day or other I am sorely … dreams will bring him bitter …. If he would but marry!"

"That would perhaps cure him of dreaming," I said laughingly.

After that we paid a visit to Dunroon. While aunt Annette talked to some visitors, Lady Saxon, addressing me in a low voice, said—

"Come with me to my boudoir. My son's portrait hangs there, and I want you to see it."

I went with her. There was a strange wild beating at my heart, a strange sense of something unusual. I felt more as though I were going to see a living person than a picture.

The boudoir was an elegant room facing the west; a soft light fell on the picture of the master of Dunroon, Lord Saxon.

We stood silent before it. She did not even turn to me and say, "That is my son." Looking at the portrait, I seemed to know by instinct why he could not help his love of beauty, and why women loved him as they looked upon him. It was a handsome, even fascinating face. The kingly poise of the head, the well-chiseled features, the dark straight brows, the keen dark eyes that seemed full of pride and passion—eyes that had in them the power of controlling others—the shapely mouth, combing the firmness of a man with the tenderness of a woman—the face altogether was one that seen either in a picture or in real life must haunt you for ever. The eyes looked into mine as I stood silently marveling at the beauty portrayed on the canvas.

"That is my son," said Lady Saxon, after we had gazed for some time upon the strangely fascinating picture.

Why did I stand there with fast-beating heart and flushed face? Why did my hands tremble? Why did those dark tender eyes flash into mine as it were? I turned to her ladyship.

"What is your son's name?" I asked.

"Lionel," she answered, smiling; but at home he was always 'Nello.'"

Again I relapsed into silence.

"His face is full of power," said his mother proudly.

"Yes," I answered, with unconscious prophecy; "but the power is latent. It will not develop yet. He must dream out his dreams, and then——"

"Ah, then!" his mother echoed, with a sigh.

I had seen no face like the one before me. I had not believed that Nature was so lavish in the bestowal of her riches upon mortal man. I went home haunted by Lord Saxon's portrait. If I looked at the western sky where the great rosy clouds were gathering, it was there; if I looked along the serried rows of dark pine-trees, it was there; when the moon shone out at night, and I walked down to see it glittering on the sea, the face were there. It came to me in the starlight, in my dreams, in the rays of the sun. I saw it in the chalice of the white lilies and the hearts of the red roses.

"I am haunted," I said to myself. And even as the face seemed to be photographed on my brain, so the name rang like music in my ears, "Nello, Nello!" The birds sang it, and the wind whispered it, and I laughed at my strange fancies.

CHAPTER III.

So little did I realize or understand this new sensation which possessed my whole being that I laughed again when Lady Saxon drove over to the Hall and we spent two long hours in discussing her son.

"I like to speak to you about Nello," she said; "you seem to understand him. I know that talking about him so frequently is a weakness of mine, and at times I see a half-satirical smile on the faces of

…pon us, …moment she …ent interest in me.

"The Jesmonds and the Saxons have been friends for many generations," she said; "they have loved and intermarried. It seems strange that you and I—you a young woman and I an old one—should be the sole representatives of two such ancient families."

"But you have a son," I remarked—for I had heard much of Lord Saxon.

"I do not mean that," she interrupted hastily. "Of course my son is the representative of the Saxons. What I intended to say was that it seems strange we should both have the care of house and estate. My son is away in Italy, and I do not know when he will return." Here she looked at me with sudden emotion in her face. "My son is more than the whole world to me," she went on. "He is the very core of my heart, the very light of my eyes. The world is all shadow to me, but he stands out clear and distinct. It is the great pain of my life that he lives away from me, that he seems to love art better than nature, Italy better than England. I cannot understand it; but it is so."

Lady Saxon was still a handsome well-preserved woman, with a penchant for rich dresses and costly furs, diamonds and priceless lace. I had heard others say that her son was "art-mad." He had now been five years from home, during which time his mother had lived at Dunroon, and had managed everything for him. Indeed it was often said that but for his mother's continual mention of him Lord Saxon, would have been forgotten on his own estate. My aunt and I both liked Lady Saxon, and I often listened patiently by the hour while she expatiated upon the virtues of her darling son. He was the handsomest, the dearest, the best. There was no face, no voice like his. The only flaw in his otherwise perfect character was that he would loiter in Italy instead of coming home.

"Have you ever dreamed how beautiful a man's face can be?" she asked me. "Imagine one that is dark, proud, tender, and imperious, drawing the hearts of all women who look upon it—a face that seems always raised to the skies and hardly to see the lowly earth. That is my son. He is like that. I have seen women watch for the gleam of his eyes, for his smiles, for the words from his lips; but he did not see them. He sees the stars that illumine the skies, but he does not see the daisies that grow in the fields. When you come to Dunroon, I will show you his portrait, and when you see his face you will understand better."

So it happened that I thought a great deal and formed a very high opinion of Lord Saxon because his mother talked to me incessantly and almost always in praise to him.

"If he were but more like other men," she would say, with a sigh, "if he had ambition, I should not care at what he aimed. He thinks more of a broken statue than a seat in Parliament. An old picture has a greater charm for him than any worldly honors. Music, painting, and sculpture are the three things he loves the best; and he is an English nobleman, master of a large estate, and head of a grand old race!"

I ventured to suggest that all noblemen need not have the same tastes; but she was dissatisfied because her son frittered away his time and his opportunities upon art instead of cultivating the ordinary life of an English nobleman.

"My husband," she said, "was a staunch Conservative, yet I do not believe that my

it shining in my eyes. It never need be, never should be known. I could and would guard my secret.

At last this day of supreme happiness came to an end. There could be no other like it, just as there could be no second surprise, no second birth of lily or rose. It was the first dawn of love, delicious yet bewildering.

I drove home with aunt Annette under the light of the stars, but I did not see them. When I raised my face to the heavens, I saw only the face of Nello, Lord Saxon.

CHAPTER IV.

"DO YOU like my son, Felice?" asked Lady Saxon, some days afterwards. "Is he what you expected to find him? Did I describe him well?"

I did not dare to look straight at her when I answered the question; but I saw a smile on her lips.

He had been home a fortnight then, and I had forgotten what life had been like before he came to Dunroon. The past and the future held no charm for me, I had no thought but for the present, with its unalloyed happiness, its ravishing delight.

We never tired of each other, for we had, after all, many ideas and tastes in common. He was an excellent talker, I a good listener. No one seemed to think it strange that we passed long hours together. Lady Saxon made no comment, my aunt no remark.

Few days passed without an invitation to Dunroon; and, if we did not accept it, Lord Saxon would come to Jesmond Dene. And every morning the delight, the novelty, with its mixture of passionate happiness and transient pain, grew stronger upon me. He was a dreamer of dreams, a lover of beauty, poet and artist in one. But, to my thinking, there was no one else in the world like him—he stood alone.

He never even hinted at love; yet he was always kind, gentle, and attentive; and I felt sure that he admired me, for he had made many sketches of me. I flattered myself that my love for him was carefully concealed, that no one knew of it, that it was hidden in the innermost recesses of my heart.

I felt sure that he was growing to love me, for there was between us an intangible something denoting a stronger feeling than friendship. When he spoke to me, his voice had a low and tender tone; when he looked at me, his eyes shone with evident admiration. I had a sure conviction that he thought of me, remembered my words, studied to please me—and was not that growing love?

One evening we stood together by a picturesque acacia, and, carelessly gathering a spray of it, I held it out to him.

"There are not many fairer flowers," I said; and, as he took it from me, he kissed my hand.

On another occasion we were standing in the library, both searching for a book, which he found; and, as he stooped to give it to me, he touched my brow with his lips. In that moment all the brightness and sweetness of heaven seemed to be showered upon me. He was learning to love me! And he kissed me again in the woods, when we wandered thither to listen to the nightingales.

In all England there was no place so famous for nightingales as Jesmond Dene. There was a whole colony of the sweet songsters in the trees that grew near the pine-forest, and they sang as surely never nightingales sang elsewhere. I listened to them often, when it seemed to me that they wiled by their melodious music the very heart from my breast. But one evening—we had been at Dunroon all day—I was talking enthusiastically of the nightingales, when most of the guests present expressed a wish to hear them, and it was arranged that, as it was a fine moonlit night, we should all drive back to Jesmond Dene and stroll to the woods; afterwards the guests were to take some refreshment at the Hall, and then return home.

"It will be a beautiful evening, Felicia," said Lord Saxon to me—by this time mother and son had both learned to address me by my Christian name.

From the moment we left Jesmond Dene until we reached the woods it was all a happy dream to me. I did not notice how the different groups arranged themselves; all I know was that a voice the very tone of which made my heart vibrate with joy said—

"Felicia, let us walk together."

Lord Saxon was looking into my face; and with a fluttering heart and a deep color rising to my cheeks I turned to accompany him.

Slowly we walked by the great sombre trees, listening to the river as it rushed past the projecting rocks in its seemingly mad haste to reach the sea; at the silent twinkling stars as they kept their vigil in the heavens above. There can never again come such a night for me.

I look back to that evening as the one perfectly happy evening of my life. It was not the full sunrise of love; it was the fresh tremulous dawn. Lord Saxon said little, and the silence that lay between us was more eloquent than words.

It was on this occasion that he kissed my lips; and I vowed that no other's kiss should ever lie here. A nightingale that had been singing melodiously suddenly flew from one tree to another, and we watched the flight of the bird in the pale light of the moon.

"Look, Felicia," cried Lord Saxon; "it is there!"

I looked up eagerly, and then, as my face was lowered again, he caught it and kissed my lips; while I heard him whisper, "Ever dearest Felicia!" The music of his voice and the sweetness of the caress seemed to me one. Then footsteps and laughing voices drew near us, and the charm was dispelled. But in that moment I learned what many pass a long life without learning—the very ecstasy of love.

"You have caught the moonlight in your eyes, Felicia," said aunt Annette, when we entered the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room. "You look dazed."

So I was; but it was with happiness and love, not with the light of the moon. When our visitors prepared to depart, aunt Annette and I accompanied them to the end of the lawn. Oh, fair white moon, never again will you shine for me with the same light! Never more will rose-leaf and lily-bloom be so sweet; never again will summer wind waft me such a love-laden message!

He held my hand tightly in his own as we walked across the lawn to the drive where the carriages were in readiness. As we passed the cluster of acacia-trees, he said, bending down, and looking tenderly into my eyes—

"I shall never forget this night, Felicia."

"Nor shall I," I answered.

"What does it all mean, Felicia?" he asked. "What does the summer wind whisper? What do the nightingales sing? What thrills in the air and shines in the stars? What is it, my my—darling? Do you know?"

I bowed my head—ah me!—as I answered, "Yes."

"I will come to-morrow," he whispered, "and tell you what it means. Good night, Felicia."

* * * * * *

To-morrow! I closed my eyes that night in an ecstasy of delight. The calm serenity of the night-skies, the gentle ripple of green leaves, the silver light of the moon, and the dark handsome face of my lover—I dared in my own heart to use the word—were with me in my dreams. The song of the nightingales and my lover's voice blended harmoniously, greeting my ears with sweet melody as I dreamt on of to-morrow. "Felicia—good night, Felicia!" was the burden of the melody; and its ravishing strains fell soothingly on my senses.

"To-morrow" was come. The sun was gilding the earth with its resplendent rays, the birds carolled their songs of delight, the gentle wind, kissing the flowers, wafted their perfume abroad. Nello was coming to tell me "what it all meant." I know that one word explained it, and that that word was "love." He was coming. Patience—he would be here soon, and then my life would be crowned by the possession of his love!

I was standing under the spreading cedar-boughs, anticipating in thought the happiness that was to be mine, when a letter was brought to me. I had gone thither, knowing that he must pass by the spot. The golden sunlight that pierced through the drooping boughs was warm and pleasant. He would stand beside me, and he would tell me "what it all meant." Taking the letter from the bearer, a thrill passed through me. I knew by instinct that the note was from him. I opened it hastily. It ran thus—my first love-letter—

"I had hoped to be with you to-day, Felicia, as I have much to say to you. But I have just received a telegram from my agent in Ireland, and, if I want to save my property there from utter destruction, I must go at once. I shall not be long absent. I hope to be back with you before the nightingales have ceased to sing."

Through the sun was shedding its warmth around, a sudden gray chill fell over everything. All the gold seemed to fade from the sunlight, the perfume to depart from the flowers, the light from the skies, the glory from earth and sea. A mist of passionate tears rose from my eyes as I saw my cup of happiness dashed to the ground. It was not "to-morrow" after all; and I remembered how people always said that to-morrow never came. But he would return. I felt grieved, disappointed, but not fearful. Lady Saxon had often spoken to me of their Irish estate, Lochfin, and had expressed a wish that Lionel would sell it. The tenants were always in rebellion against the agent, and she was nervous lest harm should come to her son. He laughed at the idea. He was not afraid of disaffection or open rebellion, so he had gone amongst them; and I——

Well, the summer was not over, the roses had not ceased to bloom. All would come right if I had but the patience to wait. I should soon again see the face I loved so well.

But, notwithstanding my self-administered solace, a chill had come over the warm summer day, and I wondered vaguely why I had allowed my own life to be so completely absorbed in his. Why should this terrible dread possess me because he was not with me? And what—oh, the horror of it!—what if he never came back?

An hour afterwards, while I was still standing under the cedars a second letter came. It was from Lady Saxon. Brief, but to the point, it ran—

"Come and comfort me, Felicia—I have lost my son again! I want to talk to you about him."

I went at once. Aunt Annette kissed me with a quiet smile. I think she understood more of my affairs than she chose to let me know.

"My son, my son!" That was the burden of Lady Saxon's cry; yet she was not sorry that he had gone to Ireland, for she firmly believed in his ability to allay the anger aroused against his agent. "When the people see him, they will be sure to love him," she argued, with motherly pride. "There could be no better cure for disaffection than seeing and conversing with my son."

And when the day was over she walked with me to the end of the drive.

"You have comforted me greatly, Felicia," she said. "What should I do without you? I wish you were my own daughter."

A few moments afterwards she added—

"Oh, Felicia, I should be the happiest woman in the whole wide world if Nello fell in love with you and you agreed to marry him! I wonder, if he asked you to be his wife, whether you would say 'Yes?' I almost think you would."

I could laugh happily at the words, knowing what he had whispered to me.

"My daughter Felicia," she murmured, when I had taken my seat in the pony-carriage—"fair as the sweetest flower that blows!"

And with those pleasant words ringing in my ears I hastened home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONTENTMENT.—Given all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, how many people are discontented solely from a habit of comparing their lots with those of more fortunate acquaintances! They do not specially object to walking—they like the exercise—but, whenever their next-door neighbor's carriage dashes by them, they grow suddenly tired about the knees and feel a weakness in the back with which pedestrianism does not agree. Woollen gowns would be perfectly comfortable if silk ones never rustled in front of them. John Smith's brick house is better than he ever expected to own, and he would be content enough with it if Tom Jones, who went to school with him when he was a boy, had not moved into a stone-fronted mansion with handsome portico.

SKETCH OF A GENTLEMAN.—Moderation, decorum, and neatness, distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behavior is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between their rank in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the great, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid the gaming table, inebriety, or any other foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Pleased with the pleasures of reflection, he rejoices to see the gaieties of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import. Appear only to be a gentleman, and its shadow will bring upon you contempt; be a gentleman, and its honors will remain even after you are dead.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE FREE-MARTIN.—It is a well-ascertained fact, that if a cow produce twins, one of which is a male and the other a female, the latter is never known to breed. She is called a "free martin." The farmers say that they fatten kindly.

A DINING-ROOM MOTTO.—In the dining-room of a quaint old house seen lately was the inscription over the fire-place in flowing illuminated text:

Work the jaws,
A silent pause,
Frequent haw-haws.

Which was an exceedingly apt reminder of the value of slow eating and cheerfulness at table.

ELECTRIC SPEED.—Experiments were recently made at McGill College, Montreal, to discover the length of time required for a telegraphic signal to pass from that point to Greenwich by the Atlantic cable. Two hundred signals were sent, and it was found that the average time taken by the current to cross the Atlantic and back, a distance in all of 8,000 miles, was exactly one second and five-hundreds of a second.

WHENCE ROSEWOOD GETS ITS NAME.—Many people suppose that rosewood takes its name from its color, but this is a mistake. Rosewood is not red or yellow, but almost black. Its name comes from the fact that when first cut it exhales a perfume similar to that of the rose, and although the dried rosewood of commerce retains no trace of this early perfume the name lingers as a relic of the early history of the wood.

THE THIRTEEN CLUB.—London has now a "Thirteen Club," in imitation of the same institution in New York. The members, who are doffers of superstition, bind themselves to dine together on the thirteenth of every month, always to sit down thirteen in number, always to walk under every ladder, never to throw salt over their left shoulders, and it is said that they never feel that an angel is passing over their club-house.

RUSSIAN POLICE REGULATIONS.—One of the regulations of the Russian police refers to the censorships of price-lists of goods, notes of invitation to parties and personal visiting cards; also for the censorship of seals, rubber stamps and business cards of individuals or corporations. Another order regulates the sale of soap, starch, tooth-brushes and insect powder, and another controls the printing on the paper used in making cigarettes.

MAN-FACED CRAB.—One of the most singular-looking creatures that ever walked the earth, or "swam the waters under the earth," is the world-famous man-faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is a perfect counterpart of a Chinese coolie—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears a human being in the face, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the side of its face.

STENTOR.—In the Grecian army it was usual to have three men in each battalion to communicate the commands of the officers to the men, of these, one carried a standard, and another a trumpet. But in the confusion and din of battle, when neither signal could be seen, nor trumpet heard, the third man (who for this purpose was the strongest in the army) communicated the commands by word of mouth. Homer relates of one of these men, Stentor by name, that he shouted as loud as fifty other men. Hence a man with a powerful voice is said to possess the voice of Stentor, or a Stentorian voice.

THUNDER MAKES BEASTS NERVOUS.—A lion tamer, named Lorange, who was giving an exhibition of his skill in a wild beast show at Levallois-Perret, some time ago, had a very narrow escape. The air at the time was heavily laden with electricity, and the animals were in consequence sullen and morose. Lorange entered the cage, nevertheless, but when he endeavored to put a lioness through her tricks the beast flew at his throat. He succeeded in beating her off, but she took a second spring and fastened on his arm, burying her teeth in his flesh. Smelling blood, the other lions became irritated, but Lorange succeeded in keeping them at bay for a few minutes, during which he seized the lioness's throat with his free hand and released the other arm. He then beat a hasty retreat, and was fortunate enough to get out of the cage without further injury.

A WOMAN'S ADIEU.

BY A. E. A.

Our love is done!
I would not have it back, I say,
I would not have my whole year May!
But yet, for our dead passion's sake,
Kiss me once more and strive to make
Our last kiss the supremest one,
For love is done.

Our love is done!
And still my eyes with tears are wet,
Our souls are stirred with vague regret;
We gaze farewell, yet cannot speak
And firm resolve grows strangely weak,
Though hearts are twain that once were one,
Since love is done.

But love is done!
I know it, vow it, and that kiss
Must set a finis to our bliss.
Yet when I felt thy mouth meet mine
My life again seemed half divine,
Our very hearts together run!
Can love be done?

Who cares if this be mad or wise?
Trust not my words, but read my eyes.
Thy kiss bade sleeping love awake—
Then take me to thy heart: ah, take
The life that with thine own is one.
Love is not done!

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSHED UP," "OWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MULBERRY Cottage took its name from the great tree, of knotted growth and spreading branches utterly disproportionate to its surroundings that occupied the whole of the grass-plat fronting the small square tenement. It was situated round an out-of-the-way corner as is still to be found, though growing rarer day by day, in vast, smoky, toiling, grimy, grubby London. It was as secluded as if it stood alone in a country bye-lane instead of at the end of a long, prim, dreary street in the region of Hackney. No one ever passed by, for the simple reason that the road ended with the house. No sound was ever to be heard but that of the monotonous steam-saw at work all day long in the stonemason's yard that lay on the other side of the red brick wall at the end of the little garden. In summer the mulberry leaves quite hid the motley collection of funeral urns, crosses, and obelisks scattered about the stoneman's premises; but in winter the view, seen through the tree was rather depressing. Indeed, Cecily Tresham had had a personal interview with the foreman of the works soon after taking possession of the house, touching the removal of a big granite headstone, with "To the Memory of" carved upon it in black letters, that met her gaze all day long.

"I shall want it myself—I know I shall—just for the sake of filling up the name, if they do not take it away soon!" she had said despairingly one day to Lance. And Lance had made her the inevitable reply common to all husbands—

"You chose the place yourself, remember, dear. Don't blame me!" That was certainly true enough, for Cecily's country-bred soul had utterly revolted against the life on the paving stones with which her enforced residence in London at first threatened her. What would become of her, she thought, in a narrow house with a dark entry and a ladder-like staircase, with one room over another, and the dusty windows all looking out into the dusty street?

Such a prospect was actually appalling to young Mrs. Tresham. It had caused her to cling to the idea of renting Mulberry Cottage, discovered by the merest chance during the young couple's house-hunting experiences. What did it matter if the Cottage rooms were low, dark, and inconvenient, the passages narrow, the doors and window-frames crazy and destitute of paint, the fittings old-fashioned and out of repair? Who cared that it had not been inhabited for some years, that there was a dark story of the last occupant hanging himself in the larder, whence one of the large meat-hooks was certainly missing? It was detached; it had wooden palings round it, and a misguided little wicket-gate, which dragged on the path and obstinately refused to keep shut, leading up to the shabby front door. There were a few square feet of garden—enough to hold a lilac-bush, some wall-flowers and carnations, and a half-a-dozen chrysanthemum-bushes, together with the great mulberry-tree that cast its dense shade over the little grass-plat. There was room for "Tots" to play—a remote contingency as far as Tots was concerned when the cottage was first taken, he being at that period of its existence more interested in blowing little bubbles from his mouth and swallowing the contents of an oft-replenished bottle.

Finally, Cecily was satisfied with it—was even anxious to move out of the dull shabby-genteel lodging in Frederick street where the landlady undertook to "do" for them at thirty shillings a week, with washing of table-linen included—which last was an advantage hardly worth mentioning, since it was never clean—and to commence housekeeping at Mulberry Cottage on her own account. The rent was absurdly small, the landlord having only a few years more of the lease to run before the ground on which it stood fell in to the owners, when the mulberry-tree would promptly become timber and the Cottage itself be pulled down.

There was no reason why Mrs. Tresham's whim should not be gratified. Lance Tresham was always willing to satisfy other people's fancies as long as they did not interfere with his own; and of course it was her own look-out if she preferred a decayed gloomy little cottage, with a tree that blocked up half the windows, to a street where she could see people passing and hail a cab or an omnibus, if she wanted one, without any trouble. So a yearly agreement was signed—Captain Tresham refused to bind himself for longer—and a little cheap furniture bought from a broker's shop in the vicinity. As for carpets, they were unattainable. Cecily resolutely rejected the combination of gaudy colors and a beetly smell inseparable from a cheap one, and solaced herself with stained boards and some gay Eastern rugs thrown here and there. Thus life at Mulberry Cottage began in earnest, for one of its occupants at least.

* * * * * *

"Cecil, Cecil, Cecil-y-y!" called Lance impatiently.

He stood still in his hat and ulster, in the little square low entry of the Cottage. It was a chilly blusterous evening near the end of October. A whole army of little brown leaves had come whirling up the garden path after him, a few even entering the house with a rush as he opened the front-door.

The tiny hall looked comfortable enough lighted by a small oil-stove, with a pane of red glass let in, which served to warm the atmosphere. Cecily had enamelled the shabby hat-pegs scarlet. There was a little three-cornered table, also red, with a cheap majolica pot upon it containing a long-suffering species of palm. There was also a drain pipe for umbrellas, adorned with an appropriate painting of a huge frog sheltering himself beneath the shade of a toadstool held above his head. A Kurd rug covered the small black and white stone squares with which the hall was paved, and a striped red, white and blue dhurrie hung in front of the one narrow window.

It was all Cecil's work. She had patched the shabby woodwork of the doors and skirtings with fresh color; had hung up a print here, a fan there, to hide where the damp had stained the green marble wall-paper with black unsightly blotches; even a common Windsor chair under her converting touch had, with the aid of ebonized paint and red plush cushions, become a dignified structure. It was all cheap, of course, but had a certain air of home-look and comfort about it notwithstanding.

Even Captain Tresham felt it so when, after calling his wife several times more—angrily, appealingly, even pathetically—he at length abandoned his attempts to make her hear, and, having disposed of his hat and great-coat on the scarlet pegs, repaired to the little dining-room, where lamp and fire were both ready lighted, and dinner was neatly laid for two on the small round table.

"I am so sorry I could not come. I heard you call, but I was watching Ellen fry the sole, and I was so afraid it might be spoiled," said a musical voice two minutes later, and a head adorned with a profusion of warm chestnut hair loosely coiled round and round, peeped in at the door. "Oh, you are quite comfortable, I see? I put your slippers to warm, and now I must run and change my frock. I sha'n't be a second!"

The head disappeared; there was a light-hearted scamper up-stairs, followed by the sound of several drawers being pulled out and shut again. Finally, just as the preliminary thump of a tray on the outside of the dining-room door heralded the approach of Ellen, who combined the office of cook and of housemaid in her small person. Mrs. Tresham entered the room, bestowed a hasty kiss on her husband's cheek, and seated herself opposite to him at the table.

She was a fair girlish creature, looking, from her small stature and slight proportions, even younger than her twenty-four years. Her skin was a clear healthy hue, the features being nondescript; a little nose inclined to be aquiline; mouth somewhat large, with square-cut characteristic corners; a determined little chin; slaty-blue eyes, which at times looked almost black; well-defined brows, and eyelashes a shade darker than the mass of reddish-gold hair that grew low down upon the broad white forehead. A wilful, warm-hearted, lovable creature was Cecily Tresham. She was attractive in her very faultiness, versatile in tastes and capabilities, receptive, sensible, impulsive, sharp-tongued at times yet fearful with regret the moment afterwards; equally at home with pen, pencil, brush, needle, or even a rolling pin if occasion demanded.

She sat facing her husband now, in the warm glow of pink-shaded lamp occupying the centre of the dining-table, dressed in a frock of some cheap black gauzy material through which her neck and arms showed dazzlingly white. Mrs. Tresham had a knack of draping and adjustment—her clothes were always so "well worn" to borrow a phrase from the fashion-books, that in all probability she looked as well-dressed as though her toilette had come fresh from the hands of some smart modiste.

It was different for Lance of course; his clothes, his army of boots and shoes, his elaborate linen and fleecy underwear, must always be creations of the smartest West-end tradesmen. It was a favorite axiom of Captain Tresham's that the dearest tradesmen were the cheapest to employ in the end—a comfortable doctrine, at any rate, and one difficult to disprove in his case, inasmuch as he rarely paid at all, and never unless under actual pressure.

He sauntered into Andre's and fitted himself with a guinea hat without the slightest hesitation, which Cecily admired him in; she buying a sixpenny shape, a few yards of cheap black lace, and a daffodil at the nearest draper's, which she soon conjured up into a smart little bonnet and wore contentedly at church on Sundays.

"This has been a delightful day! I have enjoyed myself!" she began buoyantly, when Ellen, after much hard breathing, as though struggling under some heavy weight, had removed the modest dish of fish, substituted for it a roast chicken, and left husband and wife to discuss their tete-a-tete meal in peace.

Captain Tresham, busy in deliberately dismembering the bird on the dish in front of him, raised his handsome eyebrows in amazement.

"Well, there is no accounting for tastes. Personally I consider the weather about as villainous as they make it," said he after a short pause. "A north-east wind fit to cut one in two, with showers of sleet! Why, I never stirred from the club window, except for luncheon, till I called a hansom to drive me here. I had half a mind not to come, only I thought you would be expecting me and might be disappointed if I did turn up."

"I should think so—especially after my having ordered fish and chicken for dinner!" responded his wife, with a naive stress on the conjunction which showed those luxuries were not usually in the menu when Mrs. Tresham dined alone. "Oh, the weather is horrible, of course; but the fact is I have been so busy all day I have hardly had time to think about it! I finished the last of those six frog drain-pipes last night, and this morning after breakfast I put on my ulster and went round to Grainger's to tell him the order was completed. He was so polite—paid me my three guineas at once, and asked me if I could undertake to paint some milking-stools for him. I said I could begin directly. And then, after I had left him and been to the fishmonger's, it struck me that I might as well go to that florist's—I forget his name—at the corner of Champion Place to buy a bunch of violets for your button-hole. They really are quite fresh!"—with an unconsciously wistful glance at the dainty little bouquet in a specimen-glass standing unheeded at her husband's elbow. On my way I saw a hat for Tots at the new shop just opposite to the Baptist Chapel—cream felt, Lance dear, with just two immense cream pompons fastening it up at one side. I went in and got it for him then and there. His old Sunday hat will be taken into common wear now, and, you see, having just made three guineas, I felt I could well afford it. Then after that I caught sight of a lot of fresh bulrushes, the biggest I ever saw, outside a little green-grocer's shop in a street next to Champion Place. They were so cheap too—sixpence a dozen, much less than I have ever given for them before; but they could not undertake to send them till to-morrow, so——"

"For Heaven's sake, don't tell me you carried the things yourself?" exclaimed her husband anxiously. "Really, my dear Cecily, you must be more careful! Of course people about here do not know who you are, but still—bulrushes! And in such weather too! I wish you would learn that London is not like the country. You will certainly be stopped and spoken to some day if you will persist in committing such outrageous actions!"

"Oh, I was to-day! I didn't mind it. A very nice young man asked if he should carry my bundle for me; and, as I found an umbrella and the bulrushes rather antagonistic, particularly in a high wind, I let him," said Cecily in a serene tone. "He told me all about himself, where he lived, and what his name was. I——"

She broke off short, unable to restrain her laughter at sight of the black frown that had gathered on Tresham's usually smooth brow.

"Lance, how can you be so silly? Surely you don't think I mean it, do you? It was only a poor little beggar-boy, not six years old, who asked for a penny; and I told him he should have one if he would carry the bundle of bulrushes home for me. He walked a long way behind me all the time."

Cecily did not think it necessary to add that she had stopped at a confectioner's shop to provide her escort with a Bath bun wherewith to beguile his journey.

"As soon as I got back, I found a note from poor Jack. She had a cold and wanted me to go and see her; so after luncheon I went round there and cheered her up a bit. After I had poured out tea for her I came home, and there was only just time to save the fish and the chicken from finding their way into the same saucepan before I heard you calling me. You see I have not had much time to notice the weather, have I?"—bending her bright face across the table towards him.

Captain Tresham shook his head somewhat moodily without replying.

It was manifest injustice on the part of Providence, according to his notions, that one person should be able to derive a fund of amusement from such trivialities as bulrushes, babies' hats, and beggar-boys; while another—himself to wit—might lounge all day in one of the smartest clubs in London, and be posted up in all the latest telegrams, society scandals, and general topics of the moment, and yet be such a prey to ennui. Unconsciously he was almost envious enough of his wife's precious gift of finding enjoyment in the merest trifles to feel a sort of faint pleasure in the knowledge that he was about to destroy the innocent happiness to which he could not attain.

"What is it?" questioned Mrs. Tresham eagerly, as her husband, pushing away his plate from before him, drew a stiff creamy-hued envelope, decorated with an elaborate coat-of-arms, out of his waistcoat pocket and threw it without speaking, across the table to her.

Catching a glimpse of a small cramped handwriting, familiar enough, her color faded, her countenance fell at once.

"Oh, Lance, do they want you at the Park? Must you go?" she exclaimed, in a tone that had something of despair in it; yet she made no effort to pick up and read the communication thus offered.

Captain Tresham selected a tawny-skinned pear from the little cheap cream-colored dish of Worcester ware, artistically piled with russet leaves and autumn fruit, in front of him and commenced to peel it, with the expression of a martyr on his handsome well-cut features.

"My dear child now do be reasonable! Surely there is no need for us to go over that ground again," he said slowly. "You know as well as I do how important it is to keep in the old man's good graces—above all, not to rouse his suspicions in the faintest degree. It is close upon two months since I was at the Park, remember, and they have a big shoot on. Here, give me the letter; I'll read you what he says."

As he spoke, he reached across for the missive in question, drew it out of the envelope, and began—

"Dear Lance—I have sent old Crowe packing. Look out for a secretary for me at once. I'll have a woman this time, and offer her a certain sum, which I must decide upon, to get Pre-historic Days in Creamshire copied out with notes ready

for the publishers in a month. She'll jump at it! They're all so greedy. Any woman would work her fingers to the bone to earn a few shillings, and spend it on a new bonnet the next minute, I know. Just call at Simcox's, 13, Little George Street—one of those narrow streets leading out of Dorset Square—and ask if they have any female secretaries in stock. Your aunt Lavinia gets all her servants there. Tell Mrs. Simcox I shall be in town on Friday, the second of November, and will call at the office at one o'clock sharp, so, if she has any one likely, let her be in attendance. You had better lunch with me at the club afterwards and come back here for a month. Green says the home coverts must be shot on Saturday at latest, and your aunt has a houseful. Polly Carstairs can't come till the following Tuesday. I wish you would make haste and settle that affair.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEOFFREY TRESHAM."

"P.S.—I won't have one with a bird's-nest on her head, or a bird-cage on her back, so you might warn Simcox beforehand.—G. T."

"Of all fools, commend me to an old one, and above everything to one who fancies he has a taste for literature and the fine arts," grumbled Captain Tresham, as he threw the letter down upon the table and returned to his occupation of peeling a pear. "Talk of my extravagance, forsooth! Why, who knows the hundreds my uncle fritters away every year on his fads and fancies? Even if he stuck to one hobby it would be bad enough; but he must needs ride half-a-dozen. Three or four years ago it was painting, with one of the best sitting-rooms at the Park turned into a studio, and my uncle up to his eyes in cobalt and Indian red, trying to produce Turneresque effects, as he called them. Then came photography, and every one that entered the house was victimized as a sitter, while Sir Geoffrey spent all day, from breakfast till dinner-time, with his head under a black apron; and old Jenkins the butler, who is used to his whims, prepared plates and developed negatives of all kinds of two-headed and four-nosed monstrosities, supposed to be portraits of my uncle's friends. Then he was seized with a passion for machinery and patent inventions of all kinds. He bought a gross of American clocks cheap, and presented one to every visitor staying at the Park who happened to be late for breakfast. He sent home a new kind of sewing-machine every day for six weeks for poor aunt Lavinia, who is a complete slave to his whims, to try; and, not content with that, insisted on making himself a dress-suit with his own hands, in which he appeared at a dinner-party. In fact, there is no end to his eccentricities; but certainly his last craze for geological and antiquarian research is the most idiotic of all. Who on earth wants to read his prosy accounts of discoveries about nothing? Who wants to learn the different strata that compose the soil of Cressmshire? It's confoundedly clayey, whatever it's made of, I know that and stains just like iron-mould if one gets a splash of mud on one's clothes. And then those eternal Romans! I am certain he must have wasted twenty pounds at least in going backwards and forwards to the British Museum, trying to find out whether they did or did not eat bread-sauce with their roast fowls, or some such rubbish! Why, the wages of the secretaries alone that he engages and dismisses for one trivial reason or another would well pay our housekeeping expenses for the year. Crowe was the last. Previous to him old Halliday, who would eat raw onions for breakfast; then young Martin, who used to slip out and run down to the village to play billiards at the Swan the minute Sir Geoffrey's back was turned. Then Groves—aunt Lavinia got rid of him because she said he made eyes at the housemaids. It is sickening folly; but you see, my dear Cecil, it's of no use grumbling; they want me down there, and I must go."

"Ye—es, I suppose so, answered Mrs. Tresham, half absently. She had risen from her seat to stir the small fire into a cheery blaze, and stood now on the hearth-rug, the ruddy light playing fancifully upon her round arms and pretty waxy hands as they hung down, loosely clasped in front of her, on the folds of her plain black frock.

"Lance dear," she said presently, kneeling down beside her husband and leaning her pretty chestnut head against his coat-sleeve as he sipped his claret, "I wish—don't be angry—but I do wish you would make up your mind to tell your uncle boldly about our marriage, and do away with all this miserable deceit and wrong-doing. Of course, I know it will be hard; but it would be still harder if Sir Geoffrey found out the truth from some one else, and knew that we had been deceiving him all this time. It would be different if—if you had not married a lady; he could never say I am not that; and, after all, poverty is not a crime," added Cecily, half humbly, half proudly; "and we have been married so long now. Fancy, Lance, more than four years! Tots is over three; he is getting such a big boy, and is just like you. Perhaps, if Sir Geoffrey saw him——"

Captain Tresham interrupted his wife by suddenly withdrawing the arm against which her head had been leaning and rising from his chair.

"For Heaven's sake, don't start that unprofitable discussion afresh, Cecily," he exclaimed irritably, "or I shall wish I had stuck to my original intention, and stayed away to-night! You know you are asking me to do what is flatly against my interest and your own, to say nothing of the boy's future. Everything depends upon my uncle's being kept in ignorance of my having married contrary to his wishes. A hint of it, and my allowance would stop at once, and with it, my ultimate prospects of being his heir, on which we entirely depend. You seem to forget that I possess literally nothing of my own—that the bulk of the property is wholly uncntailed, so that, with the exception of the beggardly title, Sir Geoffrey can will away everything from me at any moment. If you have a fancy to take in plain needlework as Lady Tresham, and educate your son at a charity school, I, at any rate, do not share your views. Until now, we have been perfectly successful in keeping our affairs secret, and, if you will only have patience, and wait——"

"Yes; and, in the meantime, what becomes of the rich marriage which you are to make, and which you are always putting off and putting off with first one excuse and then another, until I wonder that that alone does not open your uncle's eyes, and warn him that there is something not straightforward?" exclaimed Cecily warmly. "What becomes of Miss Carstairs, who you admit yourself, is only waiting for you to make her an offer? What——"

"Oh, as for Polly, make your mind easy! She is very well able to take care of herself, I can assure you," rejoined Lance coolly.

He had ensconced himself comfortably by this time in the large wicker easy-chair, cushioned by his wife's busy hands, which stood beside the fire, and was deliberately preparing an after dinner cigarette by way of soothing his ruffled feelings.

"She really has improved very much, Cecil, do you know," continued the Captain. "A trifle banging and masculine, of course; but after all, it suits her style. I fancy most of her clothes come from Worth's. She's just the sort of figure to show off his sort of dresses, you see. I don't suppose he is half so successful in making for little women."

"Very likely not! Besides, all little women are not the heiresses of millionaire coach-builders, and so perhaps his bills might stand in the way," replied Mrs. Tresham rather bitterly.

Although she knew from experience how fruitless her efforts had always proved to convert her husband to her own way of thinking, the disappointment of failure, when it came, had lost none of its sting. The suddenly quenched light in her expressive face, as she still lingered on the hearth, actually attracted Captain Tresham's attention in spite of natural short-sightedness, and a tendency to consider his own feelings to the exclusion of other people's with which he was also afflicted. He was fond of his wife in his own selfish thoughtless fashion, and it vexed him to see her light-heartedness seemed all at once to have vanished.

"Why, Cecily, what's the matter now? You're never jealous of Polly Carstairs, surely!" he exclaimed, rather ruefully.

At this woebegone expression of countenance Cecily burst out laughing in spite of herself. After all, who could ever be angry with Lancelot Tresham for long together? It had been the bane of his life that he had always found the majority of people as willing to make excuses for his failings as he was to excuse them himself.

"Jealous of Miss Carstairs? Not I, although I have never seen her," she answered, with rather suspicious energy.

She picked up Sir Geoffrey's epistle, still lying on the dinner-table, and glanced carelessly through it. As she did so, her face underwent a change. Suppressed excitement took the place of the grieved depression of a few minutes ago. Her fingers trembled slightly as she folded the note once more, returned it to its envelope, and placed it carefully in the usual receptacle for such articles, a lacquered card-rack hanging beside the chimney-piece.

"Of course, you must go to the Park if they wish it. You did not think I meant to be cross, Lance dear—did you?" she said a little wistfully, after a few minutes' silence. "You know I am quite happy as I am. It is more for Tots's sake and your own that I ever wish things were different—that I feel sometimes half inclined——"

She stopped abruptly, then turned away as though, on second thoughts, she found it best to drop the discussion. Pausing however with her hand on the handle of the door, she lingered there for an instant, her fingers loosely holding it.

"About your uncle's secretary—you won't forget to see to that? I suppose he will have no difficulty in meeting with such a person as he requires?" she asked, in rather a hesitating tone.

"How should I know? Apparently he does not think so. He speaks of secretaries being kept in stock as though one could go and find them hanging up in rows for selection," returned Lance, puffing away lazily. "Difficulty? No; I suppose not. There are always plenty of fools ready to stand on their heads for a shilling, if greater fools will pay them for doing it. I'll look in at the office to-morrow if you will remind me. You've kept the address, haven't you?"

He composed himself for an after-dinner nap as he ceased speaking, leaning his handsome curly dark head luxuriously back against the chair cushions.

There was nothing to detain his wife any longer, and she left the room at once, closing the door softly behind her. The drawing room on the other side of the little hall looked inviting, with its lamp and cozy gleam of fire. The bundle of bulrushes waiting to be arranged was just within sight, and a mysterious leggy-looking parcel, suggestive of Mr. Grainer's first consignment of milking-stools, stood in one corner. But Mrs. Tresham had no thoughts to waste on such trivialities just then. Noiselessly she ran up the half-dozen narrow stairs leading to her bedroom. The whole accommodation afforded by Mulberry Cottage was contained in two floors, and all the rooms open into one another, with one step down into them, on break-neck principle peculiar to past ages.

One door on the little landing stood ajar, and from it issued a bright ray of light and the sound of a monotonous sing-song ditty with which Tots was usually sung to sleep.

"'Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?
"No, indeed, fair maid, I can't marry you,
For I've not a shirt to put on.'"

droned the long-suffering nurse, to which a childish voice responded—

"No, no, Nana; he's dot a shirt! Din adain—din adain, I tell oo!" in shrill baby treble.

At any other time Cecily would have joined in the warm discussion touching the extent of the faithless warrior's wardrobe that followed, but now she hardly noticed it.

Her own room was entirely in darkness, gas being an unknown luxury in the cottage, but she groped successfully for a box of matches, and soon lighted the candles on her dressing-table. The small mirror, draped in Liberty muslin by her own hands, reflected an ivory-pale face, which grew even paler as Cecily subjected it to a prolonged and searching scrutiny, lasting for several minutes. When this was over, she closed and locked her door, slipped off her black frock, substituted for it a white cambric dressing-jacket, and proceeded to let her tawny red locks loose about her head. In vain she tried to screw them into a small compass. The hair was of such bulk that, however tightly it was fastened, it still formed a heavy pile. Apparently this annoyed her, for, after trying, twisted, and pinning with great energy for some time, her arms dropped suddenly, she gave a weary impatient sigh, and a slight frown puckered her smooth white brow.

"I hope you won't have to be cut off!" she said aloud, as she studied her looks once in the glass. "But, if there's nothing else to be done with you, it cannot be helped."

* * * * * *

Given, an ideal Devonshire village—just half-a-dozen rose-smothered whitewashed cottages, and an ivied church nestling beneath a gigantic cliff, a trout-stream running the only street, spanned by a low stone bridge, and a glimpse of hazy blue sea beyond the low rocks and yellow sands that fringe the bay. Add an equally ideal country parson, belonging to the village, poor in all but book-lore and the possession of one innocent and motherless daughter just budding into womanhood. Let loose in this Eden an idle ex-guardsman, meditating, under the pretence of trout-fishing, on the flinty-heartedness of fortune in saddling him with a relative on whom he was wholly dependent, and who had made the payment of his scapegrace heir's multitudinous debts conditional on his abandoning altogether a profession that merely furnished an excuse for making ducks and drakes of his money, and no great prophet would be needed to define what the ultimate result was likely to be.

In Lancelot Tresham's case the impending catastrophe was hastened by one of those sudden tragedies which sometimes startle us in the midst of an eventless monotonous existence.

Parson Hardinge was found dead in his study chair, with his hand resting on the half-finished sermon he purposed preaching to his parishioners on the morrow, just six weeks after Lance first took lodgings in John Stoat's cottage overlooking Trescar Bay, and met the parson's daughter taking a pot of cream to old Mrs. Stoat, who was down with rheumatism.

It was the old story—an impulsive inexperienced girl, a father totally unable to realize that his child was a child no longer, and an idle man, too weak and pleasure-loving to be able to resist a present enjoyment for the sake of future perplexities and complications.

Certainly Captain Tresham's sheer inability to keep out of scrapes was never more fully exemplified than when, while still threatened by the irate Sir Geoffrey, with disinheritance for his extravagance and warned that the only way of retrieving his fortunes and his place in his uncle's good graces was by contracting sooner or later a wealthy marriage, he fettered his movements and ruined his prospects for ever, from a worldly point of view, by a clandestine union with a penniless orphan girl still in her teens.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOSPITALITY.—Perhaps there is nothing more fatal to the spirit of hospitality than the love of appearances. The desire of seeming to live in a more costly or stylish manner than we really do stifles many a hospitable impulse and kills many a hearty welcome. Either we know we cannot compass what we wish, and so deny ourselves and our friends the pleasure of meeting, or we strain our purses and our nerves to the utmost, and thus unfit ourselves for the enjoyment of their presence. We pay our friends a poor compliment when we suppose that they are better pleased with the of show a costly table and tasteful surroundings than they would be with our own free leisurely company.

CHILDREN.—It should never be forgotten that the child will some day be a free agent. If his whole life is now strapped down and checked off, and labelled with "orders" and warnings and "take notice" and threats and penalties, he may obey from fear and by force, but his will and his power of self-control are weakened. Such a character is usually most helpless before temptations in after-life. We are too apt to overlook the fact that it is not the present urgency that is of most importance, after all; it is the building up of character that is to be the long, lasting result of to-day's battle, not the mere striking of the flag and surrender of the sword.

NOTHING MADE FOR NOTHING.—Every part of even the smallest animal's structure is or has been of use to him. Otherwise it would never have been developed.

"Can you tell me, my friend," said an elderly gentleman to the keeper of the menagerie, "what the hump on that animal's back is for?"

"What's it for?"

"Yes. Of what value is it?"

"Well, it's lots of value. That camel wouldn't be good without it."

"Why not?"

"Why not? You don't suppose people 'ud pay to see a camel without any hump on, do yer?"

"Sir," said a gentleman in a crowd, "do you know that you are pushing me unnecessarily?" "Sir," said the gentleman addressing the party immediately behind him, "do you know that you are pushing the gentleman ahead of me unnecessarily?" Then he turned to the first speaker and said, "I've passed it down the line."

SILVER AND GOLD.

BY J. W.

We did not speak; the night was all too still,
The stars too silver-white, our love too deep,
For idle words our yearning hearts to fill,
We could but love, and the golden silence keep.

Faint hungry lips that gathered each last breath
And echoed with untold thoughts we fain had said,
Each clung to each, of kisses feared the death,
And crushed the words which would have made them dead.

We did not speak; no need of common speech,
For love like ours sprang up from hearts to eyes.
There was one silver star above to teach
Our souls to trust—to give us patience wise.

We knew and loved that purely perfect light,
Our Star of Faith—for through our lives 'twill shine—
And, looking up with eyes serenely bright,
We could not speak, but read and loved that sign.

Honor Among Thieves.

BY S. GIBNEY.

"AND do you fancy you will like the life, Miss Maxwell?"

"Yes, I think so, for a time certainly. I don't know that I should care to settle here for good. It is so different to what I have been accustomed to at home in England. It is much more free, and unconventional, but on the other hand one misses many things which you would regard as luxuries, but which we should consider necessaries."

"Until you learn how easy it is to get on without them," put in a third voice.

The three speakers were three girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three; at the moment they were engaged in that very feminine occupation which prevails in all countries savage or civilised yclept "doing their hair." They were gathered together in the bed-room of Bessie and Mary Clutterbuck, the daughters of Mr. Clutterbuck who many years previously had settled in Victoria, near the banks of the Murray, and had done well in sheep and horse breeding. The two girls had been very young when they left England, so that practically they know no other life than their present one.

Three years previously Mr. Clutterbuck had lost his wife, and his household since then had been under the direction of his eldest girl, Bessie, who, owing to her mother's careful and sensible training, was fully competent for the position, as well as that of taking care of her seventeen year-old sister Mary. They were bright, natural girls, free from all affectation and nonsense, but at the same time ladies. The somewhat rough-and-ready life they were compelled by circumstances to lead, had never been able to eradicate the gentler feelings of refinement and good taste which were part and parcel of their heritage as daughters of their parents.

Their visitor, Amy Maxwell, they had seen for the first time that day, and being more than an ordinary visitor, seeing that she had only recently come out from her home in England, she possessed unusual interest in their eyes. From her they were able to learn the latest news of the old country, the newest fashions, and the most recent gossip.

Amy Maxwell had had an affaire du cœur, and coming badly out of it her health had been considerably affected. The family Doctor had shaken his head over her, and ordered a sea voyage. As it happened, Amy's brother Bob, who was a somewhat recent settler in Victoria, had found himself next door neighbor (if such an expression is allowable when a matter of eighteen miles divides the dwellings) to Mr. Clutterbuck, and to this same brother Bob it was decided the invalid Amy should pay a visit, for it was considered that, in addition to the benefit it was hoped she would derive from the voyage a stay in the pure salubrious air of Victoria would bring about a permanent cure.

Bob Maxwell on arriving at his station had quickly become acquainted with his next-door neighbors. Mr. Clutterbuck took a great fancy to the young man, while the young man took an even greater fancy to Mr. Clutterbuck's younger daughter Mary; and so it came about that by the time Amy arrived in the colony Bob was on a very familiar footing at "Glenoak," and one of the first excursions he proposed to her was a drive over to the place, to make the acquaintance of his friend's taking with them provisions for staying the night, as was always expected of him on such occasions

The brother and sister had arrived in time for the early dinner, and the afternoon had been spent in a walk round the station and enclosures, where they had inspected some of their host's young horses, undergoing the process of "breaking." Supper followed in due course, and then with music (for all three girls sang) and talk the evening passed, until Bessie suggested their guest might be tired, and carried her off to her room, leaving the two men to their pipes. And this brings us to the moment when we formed the acquaintance of the trio.

"Yes, I suppose one could get on without them," said Amy, continuing the conversation, "but I miss them. For instance, you must find it awfully dull here without society. There are only you two girls, your father, and the men, are there?"

"That's all at present," said Bessie. "But we don't find it dull for all that—we have plenty to do every day, and your brother rides over and cheers us up occasionally."

"Yes, but that isn't the same as having a young man in the house. Haven't you a brother?"

"Yes, Sydney," replied Mary. "But he isn't with us now. I may as well tell you, because you will be sure to hear before very long. He and father don't seem to get on well. Sydney is a young man, and rather wild I am afraid, and likes the towns better than these outlaying stations; and father can't understand that, and wanted him to take his share of the work and—well the truth is, Syd ran away, and we don't know exactly where he is. We heard of him last in Euroa and not in very good company either. But he'll come round in time, I hope, and we shall have him with us again."

"I hope so, I'm sure, for all your sakes," replied Amy, and with a sigh she continued: "It is not only in Victoria that young men and their fathers differ," and her thoughts flew back to a certain young man in England who had behaved very similarly to Syd Clutterbuck, and for tidings of whom her heart was at that moment aching. The expression which came over her face would have told her companions that there was some hidden pain behind her common-place words, even if Bob had not already given them a hint as to the true state of the case, and therefore tried to wean her thoughts from a painful subject by giving her a description of their daily life, in the midst of which they were startled by the sudden barking of the dogs, followed by shouts and excited voices, among which they recognized those of their father and Bob Maxwell. Then came the sharp crack of a rifle close to the house, followed by a distant yell of pain, and as they threw open the window to learn the cause of the commotion, they saw in the moonlight that had just burst through the clouds Bob and Mr. Clutterbuck hurrying to the stable, and in answer to their enquiry as to what was amiss, the former shouted back:

"All right, girls, don't be frightened. It's only some black-guards after the young horses. We've winged one and shall have the rest before long. Go to bed."

This was excellent advice, though the girls did not follow it, but made their way instead to the dining-room, where they awaited the return of the men folk.

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At an early hour that same evening four mounted men were making their way through the bush in the direction of "Glenoak." There was no road or track for them to follow (for these events happened some years since,) and they appeared to be more guided by instinct than anything else. They proceeded in pairs. The first consisting of two as rascally-looking villains as the colony could produce in those early days. Terry and Jim O'Neil did not belie their appearance. Sneaks, horse-stealers, and thieves, they had not the courage to become Bushrangers proper, but crept about the country picking up what they could lay their hands on in the night, avoiding coming in personal contact with the settlers and travellers as much as possible. They had been born and bred in the colony, and knew every inch of the district through which they were proceeding. They had both of them already made acquaintance with the police and had suffered imprisonment for minor offences. In truth, they were as contemptible a couple of scoundrels as nature ever had reason to blush for.

Their companions appeared of a different mould. The one known as "Growler" had certainly more signs of breeding about him, and might have passed muster as a respectable man, but for the bad-tempered, sullen look of ferocity which ever rested on his face. His fellow rider appeared even of better birth than he. There was something about Jack Neville that stamped him "gentleman born," but there was also a reckless, devil-may-care look on his face, as if he had made up his mind to go down the hill, and had no intention of putting the drag on. He had come out to the colony because his own country didn't want him, so he said. But his experience of Australia so far had gone to prove that she didn't want him either, for he had obtained no regular employment, and had only been loafing about, and sinking lower and lower. He had made the acquaintance of Growler in a low billiard saloon, and from want of a better companion had chummed with him. He was not in a condition now to pick his acquaintances.

"Look here, Growler," he was saying as they rode together, "I don't altogether like this joke of yours, as you call it; to me it looks infernally like horse stealing, and—hang it, man, that's coming it a bit too strong."

"Stealing be ——! I tell you I owe the fellow a grudge, and I'll pay him out by driving off some of his young stock, and give him a job to get 'em again."

"Then why bring those two gallus rascals in front with us? Dirty, unwashed brutes, only fit to be hung up as scare-crows. I hate the sight of them, and don't care about being mixed up with them in any way."

"Oh, they're not such bad fellows, and they know the country from end to end. They'll be useful. You're not going to turn white-livered, and cry off now, are you?"

"Not I. I gave you my word and I'll stick to it. But it's the last time I start on any of these capers. Look, there's that thief making signs to us now."

"Stay here. I'll ride on and see what he wants."

A couple of hours later the party had arrived at their destination, "Glenoak," and having fastened their horses to some trees, were making preparations for capturing the spoil. The night was a cloudy one, the moon only appearing at intervals, and they imagined themselves safe from detection.

Little did they think that Mr. Clutterbuck happening to look out of the window during one of those intervals of brightness, had observed their forms in the distance, and was already taking measures for thwarting them.

The first intimation they had of the fact, was the appearance of the owner of the station and his guest in front of the house, with guns in their hands. The game was up, they saw, and started to run for their horses. Suddenly a rifle cracked, and Growler, who was some little distance in front of Jack Neville, uttered a yell of pain, and fell to the ground. Jack came up to him the next moment, and bending over him, asked:

"Are you hit, Growler?"

There was no response, and without hesitating a second, Jack picked up the unconscious man, and swinging him over his shoulder hurried to where the horses had been left. The two O'Neils were mounted and moving off.

"Here, take Growler in front of you. He's bad hit, I'm afraid, and can't sit on his own horse," and as he spoke Jack pushed the wounded man across the pummel of Terry O'Neil's saddle "Catch hold of him, and get on as hard as you can. They'll be after us directly. I'll unloose his horse, and bring it along with me."

And he turned away to where the two remaining horses were fastened, as the O'Neils galloped off. In a few seconds he was following them, guided by the sound of their horses hoofs, and before long managed to come up with them.

"How is he now," he asked.

"Bad—devilish bad," replied Terry. "He's put us in for a nice thing, to-night. The odds are we're all of us lagged, and that'll mean a long stretch—for me and Jim at any rate."

"There's just one chance. We must swim the Murray. That may stop 'em," said Jim.

"Ay, we must do that; it's our only chance."

"Come on then, in for a penny in for a pound. Serves me right for joining this kind of a joke," said Jack.

"Joke! It's not much of a joke, you'll find, if we're caught, trying to collar another chap's horses. The beak's down on such like, I can tell you."

"But Growler only meant it for a joke."

"Oh, we're jolly green, aren't we? Stow such rot. You know what we meant as well as the rest of us. Here's the river!" as the broad sweep of the Murray, silver in the moonlight, appeared through the tree trunks. "Can you hear 'em following?" he continued, drawing rein on the bank.

"No," replied Jim. "Once across and we may have a chance. Now then for it."

As the two brothers put their horses to the water, Jack saw them whisper, but could not catch the words. He followed them closely, still leading Growler's steed. The horses seemed to understand what was required of them and faced their task bravely. They had not proceeded twenty yards from the bank, when Jack, noticing a suspicious movement on the part of Terry O'Neil, exclaimed:

"What the deuce are you doing, man?"

"Dead men tell no tales, and though Growler ain't quite one yet, he soon will be. He's mortal bad, and bleeding like a pig. We'd best drop him here. It won't make no odds to him, and will be safer for us."

"No, I'm hanged if we do," replied Jack hotly. "You treacherous black-guard! We're his pals, and we'll stick to him. Here, hand him over to me if you haven't the pluck to keep him." And he directed his horse's head towards O'Neil.

But he was not quick enough, and with a push Terry freed his horse from his extra burden, saying:

"No, no, best leave him here, he'll be safe to tell no tales then."

"You infernal cowardly hound!" was all Jack said as he slipped from his horse's back, and struck out for the place where the body had disappeared. As he dived after it he heard the jeering laugh of the brother as their horses carried them onward.

No time to think of them now. They might sink or swim, Jack cared not. For him a desperate fight for life commenced from that moment. He was an excellent swimmer, but encumbered by clothes, boots, and the helpless body he had secured at his first endeavor, it was no easy task to keep himself afloat—much more to reach the shore. Twice, three times, he felt almost compelled to drop his burden; but then the thought that the man must drown without his aid, flashed across him and he struggled on. His own life was of little value, no one cared for him—now. But for Growler he could not answer, perchance he was dear to someone, mother, sweetheart, wife—the bare chance was worth another effort; and out of pure unselfishness of purpose that effort was made and a life-long salvation was its reward.

"Thank God!" gasped Jack, as he felt the pebbly bottom beneath his feet, and struggled the short remaining distance to the bank. Once having deposited his unconscious burden, he sank in like insensibility beside it. But his swoon was not of long duration and he soon had his wits in hand once more.

The moonlight was unbroken, for the clouds had all disappeared, and by it he was able to examine Growler, and discover he had been shot in the thigh, and as far as he could make out the bone was uninjured. The wound was bleeding badly, and all Jack could do was to make a tourniquet out of his handkerchief and a branch which he broke off one of the trees. Rough as was the remedy, it was effective to a large degree, and the bleeding was greatly diminished.

"Now what's to be done?" said Jack to himself. "I can't swim the river with Growler, on my back, even if the poor beggar could hold on, which he can't. It's no good looking for help from those Irish hounds, and help I must have if the poor chap isn't to die out here. There's not a station for miles that I know of, except the one we paid a visit to just now, and I don't expect they'll do very much for us there, beyond handing us over to the authorities. But hang it! that'll be better than his dying here like a dog; it means "jug" for me, though. Well, they shall have the chance of finding us, if they're anywhere about. Here goes—'Coo-ee!" and the wood rang again with the well-known bushman's signal. He waited a few moments listening, and then repeated it; again he listened. "They're coming, I reckon," as sounds, at first very distant, gradually drew nearer, until a horseman appeared on the bank, some distance higher up.

"Where are you?" shouted the rider.

"Here."

"Ball up."

"Right. But you needn't be afraid. I've got no tools."

"What do you want, then?"

"I've got a chum here who's had a bit of an accident, hurt his leg, and I should like to get him to some place where they'd look after him."

"Keep you hands up, man, and I'll have a look at him," replied Bob Maxwell, dismounting, but keeping the rifle he carried

ready for immediate use. When he was close Jack said:

"You may take my word, mate, that I'll act square. All I want is my poor chum attended to. You can do what you like with me."

Something in his way of speaking seemed to inspire Bob with confidence, for he said:

"You mean it?"

"Yes. Honor bright."

"I'll trust you. Take your hands down and help me with the fellow. He looks about done for. Why, you're all wet, and so's he."

"Yes. We've been in the river."

"You've been somewhere else to-night, I fancy. You're two of the chaps we're after."

"Well, yes; we are. I'll not deny it, and I won't try to bolt, so long as you'll look after him. That's all I want."

"Get on my horse then, and I'll hand him up to you."

Jack did as he was bidden, and Bob led the horse by the bridle, occasionally giving vent to a "Coo—ee!" to inform the other searchers of his whereabouts.

When they reached "Glenesk" they found the owner had already returned, and was awaiting them by the door. Bob briefly explained the circumstances, and he and Mr. Cuttlebuck carried the still unconscious man into the house, as Jack, true to his parole, dismounted and followed them.

"My God! It's my boy, Sydney! And I've killed him!" were the words that fell on his ear, as he entered the room where all the inmates appeard to be gathered; and, as if this were not enough, they were followed by another voice, exclaiming:

"Jack, Jack—is that you?" and he had just time to spring forward and save Amy Maxwell from falling to the floor.

* * * * * *

It was two years afterwards. Amy—now Amy Neville—was seated in the verandah of "Glenesk," talking to Bessie, who was Bessie Clutterbuck still. Much had taken place since the day the girls had first met. Sydney had never recovered from the shock of the wound and his wetting in the Murray, and, after lingering for eighteen months, had died in his father's house. His illness had altered his character, and his death caused real sorrow to all on the station. Jack Neville was not prosecuted. On the contrary, he was made much of, when his efforts on Sydney's behalf were brought to light, and his meeting with his old love in this out-of-the-world spot threw a romantic halo about him. His father at home was communicated with, and a reconciliation was brought about. There had been serious faults on both sides, which, as it had been agreed to forget them, need not be recapitulated here. The meeting Amy so unexpectedly, when he deemed her quite lost to him, had acted as a spur and incentive to work, and in Mr. Clutterbuck's employ he soon proved himself to be anything but the idle ne'er-do-weel he had been regarded at home. Amy declared that now she had found him again she would allow him no more chances of running away, but would marry him at once, and this she did, her brother Bob taking her father's place, and giving her away.

The share of the O'Neils in the escapade at "Glenesk" was not known till long afterwards. Jack refused to mention the names of his companions, and Mr. Clutterbuck, respecting his feelings of honor, and considering the less notice taken of the affair the better it would be for his son's character, did not press him. But his reticence availed them little, for within three months they were caught horse-stealing, and disappeared from public view for a considerable period.

"And now, Amy, you may be considered a regular settler, I suppose?" Bessie was saying.

"Yes, I suppose so; for a time certainly; but no doubt we shall eventually return to England."

"And how about the necessaries in England being luxuries here, which you once talked about?" said Bessie, laughing.

"Well, I've found Jack is a necessary wherever I may be. So where he goes I shall have to follow."

"Mary seems to entertain the same idea with regard to your brother Bob," replied Bessie, as the two approached the station arm in arm.

FOUR GOOD HABITS.—There were four good habits a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels and also by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns. These were punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it impossible to recall.

THE SADNESS OF HODGE.

To the man who knows the English rustic of to-day (says the London Times) and who has some sort of an acquaintance through reading and hearsay with the swain of the "Merrie" era of our history—a vague period embracing "old days" generally—one question must present itself: What has wrought the astounding change in the character of the species? It is quite as impossible to believe that the builders of the pleasant, merrie England fabric upon which we all so like to look were mere visionaries or titillators of public taste, as it is to see the smallest resemblance between the flesh and blood Hodge with whom we are familiar, and the jovial swain of the popular writer.

Dwellers in town find a prolonged sojourn in the country insupportable, on account of its dulness. Sweet, fresh air, wholesome living, pleasant prospects cannot compensate them for what they call the lifelessness of country existence. The enforced quiet, the deprivation of what are to them necessaries of life, constant changes of scenes and faces and voices, shops, easy methods of locomotion, the club, the library, social pleasures, entertainments, exhibitions and so forth—becomes torture.

Some loveliness of disposition on the part of the natives, some approach to a realization of the familiar ideal of the poem, the novel and the drama, would go far towards counter-balancing these wants; but, sighs the townsman, the quiet of Nature is only accentuated by the indescribable dulness of man.

Brimful of the orthodox ideas concerning the jovial countryman, and his happy, peaceful, simple life we go into Arcady and at first may be inspired with thoughts which are the offspring of our wishes; but the longer our sojourn, the fainter grows our enthusiasm, and the fewer become our wish-fathered thoughts.

It is hard for a town-bred man to see what evidence of any enjoyment of life there is about even the prosperous and fortunate rustic. It is to be believed that life has some charm for him, but no assertion of the fact would be permissible from outward and visible signs.

Courtship is usually accepted as one of the happiest periods of average human lives; but we would ask any disinterested person to take a country stroll on a summer Sunday evening, to note the couples roaming along the roads and lanes, and lingering amidst the fields, and to say if the aspect and demeanor of any single couple speaks of the smallest enjoyment.

What Canon Jessopp, who knows as much about Arcady as most people, says about East Anglia is universally true—"There is to my mind nothing more pathetic in our village life than the entire absence of healthy gaiety. In Arcady one never hears people laugh. They snigger and grin sometimes, and then turn away as if ashamed of themselves; but they never laugh."

Every townsman who knows something of the manners and ways of country people, and in these days of cycling and walking tours, and excursions, and field clubs, the number of such men must be Legion, must endorse this opinion.

Have we not often at the end of a hard day's walking or riding, or wheeling, turned in to the public room of the humble inn which was our resting place, for recreation, instruction, and amusement, and as often have soon retired saddened, and even disgusted? What have we heard? Old-world song with ad libitum refrain? Quaint exchanges of fun and repartee in sound old Doric? The chat of good-fellowship? Not a bit of it. If a dozen men were in the room, half the number would be sitting in sullen, sodden silence; the other half would be quarrelling, or grumbling, or arguing, usually in a lingo of which the most enthusiastic "folk lover" would be chary of making notes.

They are civil enough, poor fellows, to the stranger; but towards each other they behave like animals. It may be urged, with some show of truth, that there is not much incitement to rollicking fun in the life of the average English peasant. Perhaps what with low wages, and competition of machinery and the disappearance of those festivals with which the olden time was so liberally dotted, there is not. But if we could see beneath the surface of the village life of old days, if we could sweep away the pleasant gloss which time has thrown over it, we should find that the peasant had, upon the whole, rather less inducement to be jovial than has his descendant of to-day.

The spirit with which such men faced life, and its necessary attendant hard knocks and rough rubbings, seem to have been different. They thoroughly enjoyed their hard-earned holiday and feast and junketting, and then began to look forward to the next. Sullenness, the characteristic par excellence of modern Hodge, was not a racial feature. Men seem to have been just as open in their exhibition of delight and enjoyment. Now-a-days, he must be a keen analyst of human nature who can tell when Hodge really is contented and satisfied.

The pleasure fair, the disappearance of which is so much regretted by sentimental unknowing townsfolk, was abolished because it had degenerated into a blackguardly saturnalia: but Hodge is not responsible for the degeneracy, and this robbery from country life of one of its most pleasant and wholesome features must be laid to the charge of the improved means of locomotion which brought the corrupting influences of town life in Hodge's world.

Singing, bell-ringing, and other typically rural pastimes died out because the time formerly given to them got to be absorbed by newspaper reading, and he who knows the style of newspaper reading most beloved by Hodge can hardly wonder at the change in his character.

The rustic sports died out for want of support and encouragement, and are only revived where some one of influence gives up his time to their patronage; whilst a craze set in amongst the youth of our villages for seeking their fortunes away from home, and those who remained were seduced by the less wholesome attractions of the towns, now brought within easy reach.

But whatever be the real reason of the sadness of modern Hodge, one, often quoted, has distinctly no foundation in fact, and this is the indifferent demeanor observed towards him by the local gentlefolk.

Never in our social history have the gentlefolk of rural England shown themselves such true friends to the humble dwellers around their gates as the present day.

It is an egregious popular error to suppose that the average "fine old English gentleman" of the stage, of romance, and of song, bothered his head inconveniently about the villagers whose hovels clustered within sight of his dining-room windows.

The villagers were left to themselves, and they seemed to wax happier in their isolation than they do under the new order of things, which ordains that they should be made the most possible of. Indeed, it is a question if they are not sometimes made too much of; and if much of that lethargic indifference which looks like sullenness is not owing to the habit they have got into of regarding as rights what are really concessions.

At any rate, most rural parish ladies, by whom we mean those well-meaning creatures who put themselves to all kinds of trouble and inconvenience to administer to the wants and whims of cottage dwellers, will tell us that expressions, or rather testimony, of gratitude is very rare amongst those they serve.

Of course there are pleasant exceptions to the rule; not individual exceptions merely, but exceptionable communities. Such a demonstration, for instance, as that which marked the coming of age of Lord Warkworth a few weeks back, could not be interpreted as a mere traditional deference paid to rank, wealth, and power—a mere thanksgiving for favors and benefits to come; and such demonstrations on a smaller scale are by no means rare, but the fact remains that Hodge the individual jars upon his pastoral surroundings. If the tremendously competitive character of modern bread-winning had altered us as a nation, the change in Hodge would not be remarkable, but it has not.

Londoners are as boisterous in their mirth, as hearty in their laughter, and as keen in their enjoyment of a day's holiday as ever they were. There is plenty of fun and frolic in the parlors of toiling men; plenty of demonstrative happiness whenever a Cockney party disports itself amidst rural surroundings; but Hodge stands gloomily by, with no soul for laughter, no inclination for sport or dance, a growl and a grumble ever on his tongue, and the sullen frown of discontent on his brow.

TUITION.—A tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil as if he was pouring it through a funnel; but, after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot before him, to observe his paces, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.

SHE (reading)—"Joe, this paper says that out in Oregon they have just discovered footprints three feet long, supposed to belong to a lost race." He—"I don't see how a race of people that made footprints three feet long could ever get lost."

Scientific and Useful.

LETTER BOXES.—A Malden, Mass., man has invented a device for lifting the lid of a street letter box by touching the foot on a treadle at the foot of the post to which the box is attached.

TORTOISE-SHELL.—To polish and restore the lustre to tortoise-shell that has lost its brightness through use, first apply rotten-stone and oil with a felt wheel or rubber; finish with the hand.

IN BATTLE.—In the German artillery they have tried a three-legged ladder of steel tubing for enabling the captain of a battery to survey the enemy and direct the fire. The ladder is erected in a wagon and the officer climbs to the top with his field glasses to reconnoiter.

FIRE HOSE.—A device to be used in signaling along a length of fire hose is a recent invention. Wires are carried in the hose and insulated therefrom, so that by making battery connections a fireman from one end of a line can send signals to the other without leaving his post.

IN SURGERY.—A recently invented electrical surgical instrument consists of a hard rubber tube, inclosing a number of small wires, which is designed to be attached to the tip of the finger. It is for use in internal operations, and is intended to transmit substantially the same sensations to the operator's finger tip that he would experience if his finger were actually present where the device is and in contact with the same surfaces.

CEMENT.—An exceedingly strong cement, that will become as hard as stone, and last for ages, may be made in the following way: Take lime, well slacked, and sand, in equal proportions, and temper them with linseed oil to the consistency of mortar; then beat it well in a trough, or upon a floor, and it will be fit for use. When an old stone or brick-wall is to be covered with this cement, let the face be chipped a little with a bricklayer's hammer, then drench it with linseed-oil and white lead till it will drink no more.

Farm and Garden.

THE ROOT KNOT.—The root knot is a disease especially prevalent among the peach, walnut, chestnut and some other trees. This fact should be borne in mind when selecting trees for transplanting; reject those that have knots on their roots.

MILK.—It has long been recognized that the yield of milk is materially affected by the nervous condition of the animal, but only within the last few years has it been demonstrated that the quality of the milk is more affected by nervous changes than is the quantity given.

SHEEP.—An exchange says: "A man of genius may find a profit in sheep, no matter what the competition may be. The way to compete is to compete so the other fellow is not in your way. Sell what he can't raise, at least does not, and sell when he has nothing to sell. This is business, not theory."

POULTRY.—Never be deceived and feed your hens because they run after you every time you appear, as it is due to education you have given them, being only a habit. Make them work. An idle, lazy hen will not lay eggs. When you notice a hen scratching and foraging you will find an egg in her nest.

BLACK SOIL.—A black vegetable soil is likely to be, under proper tillage, the most productive. Black soils are the most heated by the sun and air, and are likely to have an abundance of humus and consequently a good supply of nitrogen, and if such soils are properly drained and limed nitrification will be very active when the temperature is right for the action of the organic ferment.

HAND AND HORSE.—The American farmer is usually an opponent of performing any kind of work with the hand that can be done with a horse. He will not use a hoe if he can use a cultivator. His position is correct, according to the American system of farming, yet the largest proportionate crops and greatest profits from the soil are secured by those who work small areas by hand, much depending, however, on the kind of crop grown.

ONE OF THE NICEST and best tonics and anti-acids for dyspeptics is Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.—When used in conjunction with the Sanative Pills, it rarely fails to be effective: while its moderate price brings it within the reach of every one. Sold by all Druggists.

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Crowds and Influence.

During the last few months many persons must have had occasion to reflect on the curious psychological effects produced by bringing numbers of people together in one spot. A mob, we take it, is a crowd of human beings collectively swayed by certain strange impulses to behave in a manner which they would individually condemn. There have been many mobs lately all over the country.

Under the influence of oratory, or opposition, or a sense of supposed wrong, we have had the spectacle of ordinarily quiet men doing queer things. Get hold of these men separately and they will be reasonable enough. They may not be open to argument, but they will not answer arguments with rioting.

The people at large, exercising their judgment calmly, are, as has been observed, always right in the long run. But the people subdivided into mobs, swayed by sudden passions, put on the inglorious likeness of beasts, or rather of savages. They laugh at the most stupid jokes, their enthusiasm is expended in the most futile manner, their dislikes lead them to perform the most brutal acts, their fears, often groundless, lead to panics which disgrace our common nature.

Men who individually are courageous enough share with sheep the tendency to run away when alarmed in crowds; and if, by the presence of mind of some one whose head is cool, a panic is averted, the incident which serves to re-assure them is often as trivial as that which excited their fears. Even good men become demoralized in a mob.

"I hate women," said a son of Mars the other day, "when they git together; but I love 'em one by one." That probably expresses the sentiments with regard to crowds of most of those who have cried them down.

The cynics and misanthropes who sneer at the people (of which they forget they form an undesirable fraction) concentrate all their attention on the behavior of mobs, and none on the quiet, useful labor and uncomplaining sufferings borne by the members of those mobs in their independent capacities.

Almost the whole art of swaying mobs lies in remembering the distinction. Recent events have made it clear that arguments which will convince a crowd carry the day against arguments that alone would serve to convince individual reason.

A man who has listened to a mob orator comes away from the meeting quite unable to recollect what was said there, but he remembers that he, a reasonable being as he thinks, was convinced of something; he remembers, too, that he was not alone in his conviction, but that many others around him were convinced at the same time and by the same words.

Furthermore he calls to mind that to such an extent was conviction borne in upon his mind that by shouts and waving of his hat or far worse he publicly testified to his faith. Is it to be supposed that this man will easily be brought round by private argument? He is pledged already to the other side. He may admit the force of your arguments, but, though he has forgotten them, he remembers vividly the convincing force of the others as to his wrongs.

Men who are in the right rely too much on logic to overcome rhetoric, whereas they should make sure of victory by using both logic and rhetoric against rhetoric alone. Failing these, lawful force. In no other way are mobs to be led straight. As for rhetoric, it is as much an art as painting. There are heaven-born geniuses in both, but many men can by patient work acquire proficiency in either.

A good voice, a handsome figure, and a logical mind will do much to make an orator; but the Greeks and Romans would have laughed at the man who professed to influence assemblies of his countrymen without the aid of those simple rules of rhetoric which are still ready to our hands in Quinctilian and Aristotle, and which are in fact used by the successful mob orators of our own day. And it would be well if nothing else was needed in the handling of mobs.

THE essence of successful business is regularity of dealing. Without this important element, chaos is certain to reign supreme, as indeed we often see demonstrated in the commercial affairs of a liquidating debtor, who, on being called to account by some dissatisfied creditor, replies that he has not had time to do certain things in connection with his business. But what such a man lacked was a proper appreciation of the economy of time. He either gave too much time to indolence and trifles or was reprehensibly careless of the importance of the time of other people.

WITH the aid or under the influence of "pluck," using that term in a modern sense and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enmities of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick-room that this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty.

Do not be older in your feelings than you are in fact. Therefore never withdraw your interest from life. See what is going on. It is a good thing for a man to set his affections on things above, and to have investments in heaven. There is a time for these things; but they are not inconsistent with the knowledge of what is taking place below. Men should let the heart of the times brood upon their hearts.

RECREATION is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole life in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve: as contrarily he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work grow forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted, that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.

INDIVIDUALS possessing moderate sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their proper place; common occurences do not rouse or call them forth.

HE who waits, and works while he waits, will surely emerge at length, and his work will be worthy of his place. The leap is all the greater because of the race that goes before it; the current becomes all the stronger at the last because it has been so long held back by obstacles; and the noblest work is done by him who has had to wait for long before he could get at it.

INSTEAD of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas.

TALENT is a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alert, marketable. It is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the application of power, the eye of discrimination, and the right hand of intellect.

IMPULSIVE people have a certain force and enthusiasm about them which cooler and more calculating people sometimes lack. Their danger is that they are prone to act and speak hastily, without due consideration, and that therefore they must sometimes repent at leisure.

JUST as the tested and rugged virtue of the moral hero is worth more than the lovely, tender, untried innocence of the child, so is the massive strength of a soul that has conquered truth for itself worth more than the soft pouch-bloom faith of a soul that takes truth on trust.

NINE-TENTHS of the worry of life is borrowed for nothing. Do your part; never leave it undone. Be industrious; be prudent; be courageous. Then throw anxiety to the winds. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; therefore do not borrow any for to-morrow.

HOW can we measure the sins of others except by our own? We know their virtues better than we do their vices, and our own vices better than our virtues. This should teach us to obey the injunction to esteem others better than ourselves.

THE only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recesses of domestic life.

IF we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so that there is but one half to be employed on what we read.

RUN not after blessings; only walk in the commandments of God, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

JESS.—The quotation "Procrastination is the thief of time" is from "Young's Night Thoughts."

A. L. M.—There is nothing in any of the matters mentioned that really signify anything. It is, however, alleged by the superstitious that the hair coming to a peak on the forehead of a lady indicates that she will be a widow.

JOHN B.—The first mark of a gentleman is a sensitive regard for the feelings of others. If your lady friend objects to the smell of tobacco, you should have consideration enough to desist from appearing in her company with the scent of the smoke clinging to you. The fact that she is your promised wife does not warrant your doing anything which will be at all at variance with her tastes.

F. B.—The expression "I beg your pardon" is used in an indiscriminate manner by a great many persons. The proper answer to it, however, is simply a polite bow and a smile, which signifies more than words could convey. The answer to "I thank you" is generally "You are welcome," spoken in such a tone as to convey the idea that the favor, whatever it may be, gave pleasure to the one conferring it.

L. L.—Snorri Sturlesson, or Sturluson, was a learned historian and distinguished Icelandic politician, born in 1178 at Hvamms, Iceland, where his family, who traced their descent to the ancient kings of Norway and Sweden, had been settled since the early colonization of the island. His greatest work is entitled "Heimskringla," or Mythic Ring of the World, in which is recorded the history of the kings of Norway from the earliest times to the Death of Magnus Erlingsson, in 1177. He was murdered in 1241.

A. L.—The property which has caused you annoyance in the use of glycerine is its strong affinity for water. Although glycerine has a pleasant and sweetish taste yet the first sensation, when it is applied to the tongue, is one of pain and burning. This is caused by the fact that glycerine absorbs all the moisture from the surface that it touches and thus dries up and parches the skin. Pure glycerine applied to the chafed hands of infants causes great pain. Glycerine ought always to be first mixed with at least an equal bulk of water in order to remove its burning action. This done it may be safely applied to the most tender surfaces, and it does not dry up, but maintains the parts in a constantly moist condition, promoting the healing process.

E. P. P.—As a general rule the disease known as roup is caused by a poorly-ventilated, overcrowded, damp and dirty chicken-house. The remedy is to clear out the head and nostrils with a small syringe filled with a mild solution of copperas water, or a little coal-oil into which has been mixed a drop or two of carbolic acid. It should be injected into each nostril. A sewing machine oil-can will answer if a syringe is not at hand. Asafœtida in small quantities should be given in the food night and morning, and the roosting-place kept scrupulously clean. The affected subjects should be separated from the healthy ones as soon as the disease is sufficiently developed to make it certain that it is roup.

AUSTIN R.—To make bone gelatine the bones are boiled to remove the fat, the digested in diluted muriatic acid until the earthly matter of the bone is dissolved. The gelatine, which retains the form of the bone, is washed in a stream of cold water, plunged in hot water, and again in cold, to remove all remains of acid, and sometimes put into a solution of carbonate of soda. When well washed it is dried on open baskets or nets. By steeping the raw gelatine in cold water, dissolving it in boiling water, evaporating the jelly, and cutting it into cubes, it may be dried and preserved in that form. Another receipt to obtain gelatine from bones is the following:—Crush the bones small, then boil them for fifteen minutes in a kettle of water, cool, and skim the fat off, which is fit for all common purposes. The bones are then ground, and boiled in eight or ten times their weight of water, of which that already used must form a part, until evaporated to one-half, when a very nutritious jelly is obtained. A copper vessel should not be used, as the jelly acts upon this metal. An iron digester is the most suitable. The bones of boiled meat are nearly productive as those of uncooked meat, but roasted meat bones scarcely afford any jelly.

AMY.—A cameo is a term applied to a precious stone carved in relief. The art of engraving on gems is of great antiquity, the Egyptians, Greek and Romans having possessed the art, and many specimens of their work still remain, which will never be surpassed in beauty, and which are now valued at very high prices. This art was revived in Italy in the fifteenth century, and is still practiced to a considerable extent. Imitations of these antique cameos are now not unfrequent, and are often such beautifully exact copies that it is almost impossible to distinguish the difference between them. In many instances celluloid is thus employed. Cameos are also made from the lip of the helmet-shell—a large, thick shell, which is formed of layers, varying in color like the onyx. In the true cameos a stone is used, having two layers (and sometimes more) of different colors. The onyx, in particular, as also agate and sard, from the variety of their strata, are peculiarly applicable for this purpose. A head, or group of figures, is carved by the artist from the white layer of stone, leaving the background dark; or else the figures stand up dark and clear, relieved by the snowy background.

SEPARATION.

BY S. C.

Ah, me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is a weary world to-day:
How swiftly, were it granted me, would I
Across the land, across the waters fly,
As now the clouds go sailing through the sky.

Ah me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is a gloomy world to-day:
Across the grass, across the bending rye
The shadows from the clouds go racing by;
Upon my heart unmoving shadows lie.

Ah me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is a silent world to-day:
For it's young brood is given the eagle's cry,
My neighbor's voice is calling home his kye,
To love's fond call there comes back no reply.

Ah me! a long, long time my love's away,
The world, it is an idle world to-day:
Why should the lyre's strings be vexed, or why
Should quivering lips of a sad singer try
To modulate the heart's instinctive cry?

Secret of the Amulet.

BY R. M. CROKER.

PEOPLE said they were from the north—even from beyond Peshawar—the two tall men, with fair skins and long brown hair, but no one had time to ascertain their name or business, for between the sunset and dawn both had fallen a prey to that horrible throat disease that seizes its victims by the gullet, and strangles them almost on the spot. Thus they died in the great serai at Hassanpur—leaving behind them three stout Cabuli ponies, two rolls of bedding and one little boy; also, it was whispered in the bazaar, a considerable sum of money in excellent Government notes; but this, the policeman in charge of the serai swore by the soul of his father was a black lie, and with the sanction of the authorities, he made over the child and three ponies to the keeping of his maternal uncle, Ibrahim Khan, the same who lives at the corner of the road as you go to the sugar works. Ibrahim sold the ponies to his satisfaction to officers in the cantonments, and suffered the child to share his roof and also his extremely frugal fare. An Indian community is never slow to talk, and it was breathed from ear to ear that the travelers had been wealthy, and that Nubbi Bux, the policeman, and Ibrahim, his kinsman, had divided the spoil between them. One thing was manifest; nought had descended to Kareem, the rightful heir.

He was a fair-skinned little fellow, with dancing dark eyes, who ran about the roads almost naked, with an old flat copper amulet tied round his neck by a piece of string; he was about four years of age, as pretty as a bronze Cupid; the women petted him for his good looks, and he found many congenial playfellows among the narrow alleys and courtyards of the swarming burra bazar. Ibrahim, Kareem's adopted grandfather, was an avaricious old person, with a hooked nose, pendulous underlip and frowsy turban, who sat all day long in a shop like a niche—it looked no bigger than a wardrobe—lined with empty jars, bottles, broken lamps, cracked cups and saucers and battered old volumes of worthless books. He did not sell much, but he served market people with pulls at a huka, at a fixed price; and he was reputed to lend money at enormous interest.

If you know the city of Hassanpur, where it lies between two capricious rivers, and surrounded by a vast grain country, you must be familiar with the long red bridge over the Kanat, on the parapet of which a mendicant sits, who rests not from dawn till dusk calling, "Blind man—blind man." Just at the foot of the bridge is the great serai or wayside house, for travellers, with its lofty walls, spacious inclosure, and entrance gate worthy of a mosque—both it and the bridge were built by a rich native, who wished his name to go down to posterity; but to thousands who cross the one, and hundreds who halt at the other, it is unknown—no doubt they imagine both to be the work of the all-powerful and ever-active Sircar.

Kareem's tastes did not learn to trade; far from it! he had no aptitude in bargaining for kid skins, empty bottles and kerosine oil tins. On the other hand, he had an uncontrollable passion for horses, and when he grew too old to build houses in the dust and play baby games, he used to hang about the serai and haunt the society of camel drivers and horse dealers. He soon became acquainted with the manners and customs of the divers kinds of beasts that crowded the inclosure; camels, ekka ponies, buffaloes, mules, elephants and squealing country-breds. He knew all their peculiarities, and was not afraid of one of them. Many and many a time, he played truant from the munshi and his lessons, and many a time his angry grandfather sought him with a stick, and drove him forth with blows and curses, but now—Kareem was a smart lad of eighteen and useful to traders and travellers. Moreover he earned money, and Ibrahim viewed his visits to the serai with extreme complacency. Within the last ten years he had become a well-known and popular character. New arrivals and regular habitues immediately shouted for "Kareem, Kareem." He was a person of far more importance than the sleepy policeman in charge—not his original patron, who had picked him up from between two dead men, and placed him out of the world!

One hot April evening, as Kareem squatted idly at the serai entrance, enjoying a huka and a "bukk" with a lad of his own age, he noticed a cloud of white dust whirling down the bridge. No—it was not driven by the wind, but caused by a wild runaway. In a second he had recognized the collector's little boy on his chestnut pony racing towards him at break-neck pace—a huge lumbering camel carriage had frightened the overfed, pampered Tattoo, and he was making for home at a mad gallop. Kareem stood up, and dashed into the road; he was lithe and active as a hunting leopard. As the pony passed, he sprang at it, like a starving beast of prey, clung to its neck, and ran along side until he had effectually checked its career, but only just in time—only just before it turned a sharp corner into the bazar. The collector now rode up; his face gray with fear. He knew too well what would have been the child's fate, had the fiery little animal bolted through those narrow streets, impassible with ekkas and bullock carts, and he shuddered as he wiped the prespiration from his face, and tendered Kareem his tremulous thanks. But empty thanks were not to be his sole portion. As he attached a leading rein from the pony's bridle to the collector's shaking hand, that gentleman said, "Let me see you to-morrow morning at nine o'clock," and then the pair trotted soberly away.

Mr. Colebrook, the collector, lived in a fine square flat-roofed bungalow, about two miles from the city, in the civil lines. It stood in a spacious compound studded with fine trees, and was approached by a winding gravelled avenue. Kareem went up this avenue, slowly and doubtfully; he was not in the habit of frequenting such grand dwellings, and presently he came to a dead halt, and sat down at a respectful distance under a cork tree; and here the collector saw him, and beckoned him from his office veranda.

"Yes," said Mr. Colebrook to himself, "a fine frank face, and surely not a native of these parts."

In answer to a question, Kareem replied:

"No, your worship, I am from the north—so they say."

"They say?" echoed the gentleman. "What do you mean?"

"My father died in the serai fifteen years ago, your honor; no one knew his name or country; and old Ibrahim took me; he says I am a Cabuli or a Cashmeri. God knows."

"And what is your occupation?"

"By your honor's favor, I work in the serai, and earn from one rupee to four rupees a month, according to the season."

"Then you understand horses."

"Oh!"—his face lighting up—"by your favor, yes; and I can ride."

"Then, I will take you on as syce for my son's pony—the one you caught yesterday."

Kareem salaamed to the very matting.

"Your pay will be seven rupees a month and clothes."

Now, six rupees is a man's pay, and Kareem was but eighteen. Kareem's heart was too full for words; he was almost overcome, and on the verge of tears. All his comrades knew that he was an odd excitable boy, and laughed and cried like a woman! His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground; he sped along as if they had wings, and he was a second Mercury carrying home the great news—first over the wide white roads, then across the railway, and finally he plunged into the bazar.

Kareem ran along at a sling trot, hustling and thrusting his slim body through the densely-packed thoroughfares; at last he arrived at home and panted out his marvellous tidings to old Ibrahim. That patriarch received the intelligence with so many exclamations of "O, ye fathers!" and so much clawing of his beard, that Kareem felt assured that he had been handsomely launched in life, and was indeed a man of considerable importance; he lost no time, that same evening, in hurrying to the bridge (a kind of local Rialto) and there expounding his success to a curious and envious crowd of listening friends. Among the crowd was Pera, Ibrahim's grandniece, Kareem's former playmate—and present idol. She was four years younger than him by months and days, but thirty years his senior in experience, in worldly wisdom, and in wickedness. Undoubtedly she was extremely pretty, with wondrously traced arched brows, red lips and eloquent black eyes. Nevertheless her granduncle detested her, and most of her own sex bore her unconcealed animosity; they declared, "She was as false as the devil, deep as the pit, and as dangerous as a snake with a head at both ends." People hinted that Abdool, her father, was in debt to his uncle, Ibrahim, and also that Pera was promised in marriage to Mindoo, her cousin, a handsome hawk-eyed man with a scar on his cheek and minus one finger. There was some mystery about Mindoo. Once, he had been absent for three whole years, and it was an unexplained absence; for it was mere foolishness for his brethern to say that he had joined a horse dealer and had gone down to Allahabad. Does it take three years to sell a dozen ponies?

Mindoo was a stalwart taciturn man, and somewhat feared; therefore no one called him a budmash to his face, or even in the ears of his kindred. He worked with a carpenter who mended ekkas and gharries, and was clever with the chisel and the saw. Nevertheless, people whispered that he had never learnt this trade at Hassanpur in his youth—but in Allahabad jail khana.

Pera was among Kareem's audience, and listened with unaffected interest to the particulars of his rise in life. He had been her slave ever since she could speak, and now most of his scanty earnings went to gratify her taste for cocoanut sweets and colored glass bangles.

"You will not scorn me now, Pera," he pleaded, as they loitered together near the tamarind tree. "Behold, I am in the collector Sahib's service. I am to have seven rupees and clothes. I have as much wages as Mindoo!" But Pera only peered coquettishly round the corner of her orange saree, laughed saucily and ran away.

Kareem was soon installed in his new post, and wearing a smart blue suit and gorgeous red turban, felt the sense of personal importance accruing from new garments, when he encountered his old friends. His duties proved to be trifling in comparison to his drudgery in the serai, though, now and then, he had enjoyed the fierce mad delight of mounting some unbroken colt, and galloping it bare-backed over the bridge, away along the Lucknow road, between the waving elephant grass, past little brown houses with pumpkins on the roof, past pools half filled with hideous blue buffaloes, scattering children, pariah dogs and goats, as if he was mounted on a whirlwind, and riding on the storm.

Here, he had merely to groom and feed an irritable little chestnut pony, no bigger than a calf; to lead out the "Lal Tattoo," as Harry Sahib called it, with its master on its back, of a morning over the dewy maidans and along the shady roads. He ran with it as it cantered, and even galloped, though once or twice he was suddenly obliged to stop, and lean against a tree, his face gray and drawn, and groan aloud with agony (he had, though he know it not, advanced disease of the heart); he would earnestly beseech Harry Sahib not to tell the collector, and, as a bribe, would hold Harry Sahib in the saddle, whilst he piloted him over tiny nullahs to that young gentleman's huge delight.

The little boy spoke Hindustanee as his native tongue, and soon he and his syce became sworn and intimate friends.

Harry Sahib had no mother, only a lazy elderly European nurse who liked her beer, her slumbers and her ease, and was secretly thankful to Kareem for taking the brat off her hands. Otherwise, Harry Sahib might not have spent so many happy hours about the stables, whilst his unsuspecting papa was absent at Cutcherry.

One day whilst he was romping with his playmate and rolling over and over with him in piles of "bedding straw," he suddenly snatched at a cord round his neck, and a copper amulet came off in his hand. They fought for it fully five minutes. Harry held it tight in his little fist, and screamed and kicked and even bit, but refused to release it; in the struggle the amulet was broken, and a small piece of parchment fell out, which Kareem instantly pounced on. It was about two inches long by one wide and was covered on the sides with closely-written quaint characters; Kareem, with much abuse and slippering, had learned to read the Koran and part of the Gulistan of Sadi, but never such letters as these.

"What is it?" inquired Harry Sahib impatiently.

"I cannot say, Huzoor. I never knew it opened."

"Oh, I'll get it mended, the brass thing; but can you read the chit inside?"

"No, not this writing."

"Let me show it to father, he can read anything!" proudly.

"Yes, his honor is a learned pundit, but I will not trouble him," said Kareem independently.

He thought he would rather take it and have it explained by a Moulvi in a bazaar, nearer home. But in all the city quarter was not found one man who could translate it, though passed from hand to hand, and learned patriarchs in horn spectacles pored over, peered into it, turned it backwards and forwards, and upside down, and decided that it was in some dead tongue, and doubtless was a charm against Jadoo (Magic) or the Evil Eye! Finally, Kareem fell back on his young master's advice, and with much salaaming and many apologies submitted the little scrap to the collector. Mr. Colebrook examined it carefully through his glasses, and then by means of a microscope, and asked Kareem "how he came by it?"

"Protector of the Poor, it is all I possess, and was round my throat as an infant."

The collector was very busy just at this time and said, "As soon as I have any leisure, Kareem, I will see what I can make of this," and Kareem withdrew with profuse thanks. For so long did his master ponder over the parchment that Kareem's hopes faded away, and he had almost forgotten the amulet, and believed its contents to be a myth. But one day, at the end of the rains, he was summoned into the collector's office. That gentleman was alone and, rising, closed the door, and beckoning to Kareem to come near, said rather mysteriously, "I have had great difficulty in making it out"—showing the writing.—"Indeed I had nearly given it up; but at last I got a clue, and I have read it!"

"Yes, your highness."

"You must keep what I am going to read to you a secret"—Kareem's eyes sparkled. "It is for your own good, and now listen," lowering his voice to a whisper. "This"—displaying the scrap—"is in ancient Persian characters, and relates to a treasure that has been buried for more than three hundred years.

Kareem endeavored to speak, but failed to articulate. "Yes—apparently some of the spoils of Mahommed of Guznee, who took and conquered the Punjab, and make twelve raiding expeditions into Hindustan. Doubtless this is some loot that the victors failed to carry off and concealed—possibly they were hotly pursued.

"It says"—now taking off his glasses and applying a microscope to his eyes and reading very slowly—"Eighty kos north from Hassanpur, on the edge of the Goomptee river, that is within fifty paces, near the great bridge and between milestone and neem tree, I, Fateh Din, bury a rich store of jewels and gold, by reason of one camel being sorely wounded and the enemy pressing on fast. May Allah preserve it for me and mine!"

The syce's eyes seemed double their usual size, his face worked with emotion, he could not speak; he could only gasp and sob as the collector went on:

"This is the catalogue, only a partial one apparently," turning and reading the reverse of the parchment:

"Two khantas (necklaces) of rubies and pearls, very large. Four sirpech (forehead ornaments) of diamonds. Twelve bazabands (armlets) of choice emeralds. Five turals (plumes) of great brilliants. One coat embroidered in seed pearls, five gold stirrups."

"You must keep silent as the grave, Kareem," said his master, laying down the microscope. "It is possible that there is a quantity of gold coin as well as jewels. The list seems broken off suddenly, it remains entirely with yourself to be a rich man, and if you would be wealthy, be silent. I am going into that part of the district this cold weather. Can you hold your tongue for two months?"

"I can, Sahib," faltered Kareem, who was trembling all over.

"I think I know the place—the bridge was destroyed forty years ago, but its piers are still standing; the old road, too, has fallen into disuse since we have the railway and canal, but I believe I can put my hand on the very spot, between the saal tree and the milestone."

"And will all this treasure be mine?" whispered Kareem.

"Yes, since you claim it by the writing, which has doubtless been in your family for many generations. Possibly your father was in search of this treasure when he died."

"Yes, most true, your highness."

"Only for this paper in your possession it would be claimed and recovered by Government."

"May I tell my grandfather, Ibrahim Khan?"

"I suppose you may, that is if he is a cautious man; but mind this, Kareem, to no one else; above all, to no woman."

"No fear, your honor; I know that a slip of the tongue is worse than a slip of the foot."

"You are young to have learnt that lesson; bear it well in mind. And now you can go."

Old Ibrahim heard the splendid news that same night, as he and his adopted grandson sat on the rug in the middle of the shop, with the oil-lamp swinging between them; heard it with puckered face, twitching claw-like fingers and glittering eyes. What was the store he had buried beneath the floor in comparison to this? Two camel-loads of gold and jewels! Oh! if he had only taken the worthless-looking amulet when he appropriated the ponies and the money; it was the richest prize of all; but alas! he was ever unfortunate.

"Let us go forth and seek it now," he panted; "we will arise and take two ekkas with strong ponies, and spades and sacks, and start. I will aver that we are gone to a marriage at Aligarh."

"You would not be believed," returned Kareem scornfully; "and how would you get the ekkas or buy spades without raising suspicion? The place is full of robbers and budmashes, and the distance is too long for an old man like you; we would both be murdered. No, I will wait and go with the collector Sahib; he will lend carts and we need have no fear, we shall have the protection of the Sircar."

"Oh yes, but you are a young man," whined Ibrahim, twisting his hands convulsively, "and in two months I may be dead! Oh! and I know so well where to sell gold and precious stones; where we shall get a great price quietly, and without question or dispute."

"You will surely live two months," rejoined Kareem. "At any rate I have given my word to Sahib, and it must be as he wills."

From this time forward a great change came over Kareem; he no longer laughed and gesticulated and showed his teeth—white as the slit of a cocoanut; he no longer gossiped in the serai or gambled below the bridge; he found his secret very burdensome, and his veins seemed filled with a burning fever of restlessness; his eyes looked large and his cheeks hollow; his song was no longer on his lips.

As for old Ibrahim, he now cared nought for his trade; and what, asked the neighbors, had he and Kareem in common that they were so often together, conferring earnestly in low whispers?

Kareem was much at home, too, and people began to marvel; he seemed preoccupied and strange and proud; he refused to gamble; he took no interest in kite-flying, instead of which he was constantly muttering into the ear of his grandfather. "Why? what were they talking about; what was their secret?"

Kareem was recounting the list of spoil for the hundredth time, and Ibrahim was bestowing much sage advice on his protege.

"My son, above all keep the secret from a woman—from Pera; do not let her mischievous eyes draw you into her snare. She is bad, she is insolent to you; may her hair take fire!"

"But you know the proverb, a blow in the mouth from the hand of her we love is sweeter than raisins," argued the youth.

"And you love her?" shrieked the old man. Kareem nodded his head.

"Oh, ye fathers!" exclaimed Ibrahim; "but she will marry that budmash Mindoo."

"She cares not for him, and I shall be rich."

"Yes; and who has money in the scales, has strength in his arms. He who has no money is destitute of friends. Hearken, my son, Pera will spend your riches like flowing water."

"I have not got them yet," rejoined the lad prudently.

"Son of my old age, give the promise to keep the news from her; swear it by the beard of the prophet."

"I swear by the soul of my father; am I a child of a fool?" he demanded angrily.

"Alas! in her hands you are both."

Kareem's altered manner was not lost on Pera, and she smiling promised her immediate circle to probe his secret, and that they should all speedily learn why he gave himself airs like a Nawab.

She drew him on, and encouraged the infatuated boy, and gained her old ascendency over him in less than two days; he entirely forgot Ibrahim's solemn warnings, and what chance has a wrinkled ugly old man against the charms and the mockings words and bright glances of a Circe of sixteen? She asked Kareem many searching questions, and flouted him, ridiculed him, flattered him. One evening as they leant over the bridge together, she inquired:

"Why had he given away his kite? Why was he not at Buldoo's wedding feast. Why did he mope like a sick fowl? What secret was in his mind?"

His tardy answers were vague and confused, and all at once the truth broke upon Pera with one lightning flash.

The scroll had been deciphered.

"Kareem, I see you no longer care for me," she whimpered tearfully.

"I do," he rejoined; "but to what avil? You are to marry Mindoo, the dacoit."

"He is no dacoit; neither am I to marry him. If you say so, I will strike you on the mouth with my shoe," rejoined this fiery lady.

"Nevertheless, both my words are true," persisted Kareem—doggedly.

"They are not, Mindoo is old. Ah bah! thirty years old? he lacks one finger; he has a hideous mark on his cheek, whilst you——" she paused and smiled in his face expressively and said, "Oh, Kareem, what an owl you are! And now shall I tell you what ails you?"

"Yes, if you can," he answered with an incredulous laugh.

"You have found out what was written in the little scroll."

Kareem started perceptibly.

"Yes, I see it is true," and here she made a shot. "I'll wager my gold nose-ring that it relates to money."

Kareem grew very pale, and cast down his eyes.

"To a treasure; look at me, Kareem."

He looked, impelled by the influence of her eyes, looked and was lost—his face told everything.

"Pera," he exclaimed tremulously, "you are a witch."

"Kareem," she rejoined, leaning her cool smooth cheek against his (truly she was a bold forward minx), "you are an owl; you always were an owl. Once you had no secrets from me. Now begin and tell me all about it."

"I can tell you nothing," withdrawing his eyes from those dazzling black orbs and gazing fixedly into the river.

"Oh, Kareem, alas! my first word was true, you no longer care for me," and her eyes filled with crocodile's tears.

"I do, I do, beyond any treasure in the world," he protested eagerly.

"Yes" (so there was a treasure), "but you only pretend to love me; it is all from the mouth, like idle words."

"No, it is from my heart and soul; but you in your heart care not for me, you care for Mindoo. You laughed the day I came home in my ayee's clothes—you laughed when Hiram's white Arab nearly killed me."

"Pooh"—snapping her fingers playfully—"what is a laugh? I always laugh! See, I still wear your blue glass bangles. I love finery; I love laughing—and I love you. Oh, foolish Kareem, how shall I prove it to you, since you doubt my word?"

"Marry me in two moons' time," was his prompt answer.

"Yes," after a long pause, "but I must also prove you; I swear by Allah to marry you, but first you must tell me your secret."

And she looked up into his face and smiled, and he, gazing at her parted red lips and glistening eager eyes, wavered. She saw her advantage, and instantly pressed it home.

Oh! miserable youth! why did you not attend to that cry of warning in your ears? "Blind man, blind man, blind man."

The sun hung low in a crimson sky, everything was defined and glorified as in a golden light, from the curves of the shining river to where the flat horizon touched the glowing heavens. The couple on the bridge, fair as another Paul and Virginia, stood out in black relief against the yellow haze; as they leant upon the stone parapet, talking in whispers, passers-by laughed and said, "Behold Pera making a fool of Kareem again."

When at length they raised themselves up and came slowly homewards, there was a new ecstatic and triumphant expression in Pera's eyes—she knew. But she had sworn by a most solemn oath never to reveal the secret of the amulet. It was already arranged that she was to have a palki-gharri and two horses, just like a mem-sahib, and a string of large pearls and gold necklets, such as would make the Bunnia's wife poison herself from envy, for she and Kareem were to be married by the first moon in December, and to live happy ever after.

A month later, the collector's camp was pitched within two miles of the banks of the Goomptee. He had arrived there by slow marches, and was within easy reach of the spot indicated in the parchment. Mr. Colebrook set out on foot in the afternoon, with Kareem to carry his fishing-rod, and to disarm suspicion.

They walked for some distance along the edge of the river in single file, till round a sharp bend the old broken bridge came in view. The setting sun was shining between the massive piers as the Goomptee came swirling between them. A pair of paddy birds were having a mortal combat in the rushes, a serious looking blue king-fisher was perched on a stone following his avocation.

Enormous fish (rohu) splashed about like porpoises; no wonder, they were so thriving! the Goomptee is a sacred river; on the sand on the far bank lay a bleached white skeleton, and here among the tangled water plants was an old charpoy, legs upward, on which some corpse had once been committed to the holy stream.

But naturally Kareem had no interest in these things; though his master, a man of dreamy moods, paused for a moment, and in his mind's eye surveyed the great bridge that once had been covered with a multitude of horsemen and camel drivers—a predatory horde—flying northward, with their spoils, and their streaming horse-tail standards.

He was sharply aroused from his reverie by a piercing cry, and turning, he saw that Kareem had already made his way to the great milestone (shaped like a gigantic thimble); there too was an ancient saal tree; and his treasure seeking eyes was standing on the verge of an enormous, recently dug, and perfectly empty hole. Miserable Kareem, the world seemed to swim before his eyes; the tree, the milestone and the sky went round and round, as he turned a ghastly face and pair of wild eyes on his master, and pointed to the cavity at his feet; it was all he could do.

"Yes," cried Mr. Colebrook, "it is gone, no doubt of that, and gone within a week; see the freshly turned earth, the wheel tracks. Oh! you young fool. How many have you taken into your confidence besides old Ibrahim? You see they have robbed you. Whom have you told?"

"But one," stammered Kareem, in a hoarse voice.

"Look," continued the collector, "they were in a great hurry"—poking the earth with his stick as he spoke—"see, they left the spade, here are bits of iron clamps, here are two gold coins, the boss of a silver bit, and yes, a trace of the thieves—and of course there was a woman in it," as, stooping, he picked up something, and held it towards Kareem. "Here is half of a blue glass bangle."

Kareem stared with great distended eyes; as he stood, he became of a dull grayish color, his lips were livid, and his face twisted out of all recognition, with some spasm of horrible agony.

"It is Pera's," he shouted, with a wild, despairing scream, and flung himself full-length on the ground, digging his hands into the sandy soil.

"They have a whole week's start, I am afraid," said Mr. Colebrook, who was still turning over the earth, "and will make forced marches, but we may catch them. I shall send you off at once on the young bay horse with a note to the joint magistrate; he will telegraph, and I believe we will get them yet; they have too heavy a load to travel rapidly. Kareem, don't be a woman! Get up and listen to me, Kareem! Do you hear me?" and he shook him gently, but Kareem would never hear anything again in this world—Kareem was dead.

At first Mr. Colebrook could not and would not realize the truth; he put his hand across the cold mouth; he laid his ear against the still heart; it was no faint. Alas! no.

The shock had proved fatal to Kareem. To lose his fortune and his beloved, in one and the same moment, was too crushing a blow for his frail organization. Pera's treachery had broken his heart.

When the collector had at last grasped the tragic fact that the active, bright-faced boy, who had started from the camp hardly an hour ago, full of life and hope, was really dead, he was deeply concerned, and he felt an unusual dimness in his eyes, as he stood gazing at this unhappy heir of long-buried riches.

Then seeing a chuprassi in the distance, who had followed (unbidden) afar off, he shouted to him to approach. The chuprassi came and looked, and was amazed out of his usual impassive demeanor; and in an extraordinarily short time a little crowd had assembled—what mystic force is it that draws people to a tragedy, whether in a London street or an Indian jungle? Here were lean brown fishermen from the river banks, here were turtle spearers, and a half a dozen ryots, who had abandoned their herds of gaunt white cattle—all come to look at a dead lad.

The distance made it impossible to carry Kareem back to Hasanpur and bury him formally in the Mohammedan cemetery. "Where the tree falleth there let it lie," and he must find a resting place in the forest. Mr. Colebrook left two men to watch the body, whilst he hurried to camp to make arrangements for the interment, and to break the heavy tidings to Harry Sahib.

The funeral obsequies were solemnly conducted by Kareem's fellow Mohammedan servants, and early next day the collector was surprised to hear that Kareem had already been laid to rest. The great hole which for three centuries had contained his lost family treasure of gold and rubies, pearls and emeralds, now received instead their unfortunate and defrauded heir—and proved his convenient grave. Harry Sahib shed many hot tears upon it, and even brought the "lal Tattoo" to see the place where poor Kareem was buried.

The collector instituted an immediate search for Pera, daughter of Abdul, but she and Mindoo, the dacoit, had suddenly disappeared—"the very day that his honor himself had gone into the district; no one could tell what had become of them."

After a long and wholly useless investigation the following facts were elicited: Pera and Mindoo had had accomplices in their flight; they had gone south; but few beyond Mr. Colebrook were in possession of the third and most important detail, viz., that with them they had carried the secret of the amulet.

A Burglar Trap.

BY B. J. CHAMBERS.

AS A member of the 'special staff' to whom is entrusted the duty of dealing with telegraph business at race meetings and other events of irregular and itinerary occurrence, I have visited most towns of any importance in England, and have been a spectator of, and in some cases a participator in, some curious incidents, one of which I propose to relate here.

Many of the most successful meetings, from a racing-man's point of view, are those held at places otherwise of very little size or importance. As an example, it will be sufficient to mention Epsom. It was to a town in the Midlands ordinarily containing about six thousand inhabitants, that I, with five colleagues, including a supervisor, was ordered in the autumn of 187—.

The event was a two-day race meeting. The first day was fine, with occasional showers; the racing was good; and as a large company was present, we had enough to do not only at the grand stand, but also later in the evening at the town office, whence we despatched a large quantity of press-work by means of a 'Wheatstone,' which had been sent for the purpose. It was eleven o'clock before we finished, and we then had a good half-hour's walk to our lodgings.

The second day was awful. Rain fell in torrents the whole afternoon. Of course the programme was carried out; but, beyond official results and 'received' messages, we had very little to do. It is the only day I can remember during which our boss did not stir out of the office. He generally contrived to have some business to transact outside about the time fixed for each race.

This day, however, the persistent downpour was too much for him. After the third race, he sent me to one of the repor-

ters on some business. I found my man in the weighing-room, a small temporary wooden shed at the back of Tattersall's ring.

When I entered, the jockeys were being weighed in, and there was apparently some difficulty or dispute, as the process was an unusually protracted one. I waited, leaning against the back wall of the shed, and as I did so, became conscious of voices whispering outside.

I caught the words, "A bloke with a big red nose and one ear," and my attention was arrested at once, for this was the description of our counter-clerk. I listened attentively and with increasing astonishment.

The voices were those of two men; and the gist of their conversation was, that a plot which had been formed to rob our office of the cash-box on the previous day had failed, owing to the fact that Harper, our counter-clerk, had taking the box into town early in the afternoon, instead of, as was the practice, at the conclusion of the racing.

He had, however, been closely watched, and was seen to place the box in the local postmaster's safe at the town office. The safe was in the room in which we worked in the evening, and was an old-fashioned, almost obsolete contrivance.

All our movements must have been very diligently followed, as the men knew not only the exact position of the safe with respect to the doors and windows, but also at what hour we closed the office, and the whereabouts of our lodgings. They had also ascertained that no one remained during the night in or near the room where the safe was.

The upshot of the conversation, which occupied less time than it has taken me to relate it, was, that the town office was to be entered that night as soon after we had gone as would be considered safe. Entrance was to be effected from the back-yard, through the window of a small room adjoining the larger one in which we worked.

Further details I failed to overhear, as the dispute at the weighing-chair, which had been gradually growing warmer, now waxed loud and furious. Taking advantage of the noise, I slipped out and hurried to the office.

Taking the boss on one side, I told him all. He was for informing the police at once, and having the place guarded and the thieves scared off; but after a lot of persuasion, I talked him over, convincing him how much more to his credit it would redound if he himself captured the robbers red-handed and unaided by the police.

I expounded to him a plan, the main idea of which had struck me at the first moment, to which he listened attentively, and occasionally smiled approvingly. When I ended, he said: "It would do very well but for one thing. It involves three of us remaining concealed in the office?"

I assented.

"You say they watched us leave last night," he went on, "six of us. What will they think if only three leave to-night?"

I was nonplussed.

"I rather like the idea," resumed the boss; "but I think we should have help. Suppose we get a couple of Schinken's men?"

Sergeant Schinken was a kind of semi-public, semi-private police officer with a staff of men, who were largely employed by race committees in the task of preserving order in the enclosures, and excluding bad and doubtful characters. They travelled about to meetings like ourselves, and in this way a sort of intimacy sprang up.

"Oh, they'd just be as bad as the locals," I said. "They'd want to boss the whole affair, and very likely spoil it. I'll tell you what; I'll ask three young fellows I know to come and have a game at cards at our diggings to-night. I'll tell them to call for us at the office half an hour or so before we close. At closing-time we can make some excuse, and send them off with our own three men, whilst you, Harper, and I remain."

He still hesitated. I could see he was again more than half inclined to let the police deal with the matter. Of course his responsibility was heavy; and should anything go wrong, he would certainly be severely censured. I had, however, the utmost confidence in my plan, and would or could see no possibility of failure; so that, eventually, I succeeded in gaining his consent.

This done, I was only anxious for the racing to conclude, that we might get down to the town and prepare our surprise party. At five o'clock the final race was run; and an hour later we were hard at it in the town, wiring full account of the day's doings.

Only the three of us already mentioned knew of the projected attempt and our counter-plan; and we, convinced that we would be overlooked, assumed to the best of our abilities an ordinary manner and bearing.

Harper produced as usual his cash-box and sheets, counted and balanced his account, telling the money, which amounted to about eighty pounds, out on the counter before him. Finally, he replaced it in the box, which he handed to the boss, who placed it in the safe, closing, but not locking, the door.

Meanwhile, I had, quietly and unobserved, procured a box very similar to Harper's, and after partly filling it with some old pieces of metal, I fastened one end of a long wire to its brass handle. I prepared another similar piece of wire. Ostensibly for working purposes, I had gathered all the batteries at our command underneath the counter, and when the work was over, I quietly knelt down and joined them all together in series.

At the same time I fastened one end of my spare wire to the negative pole of this monster battery; and then, standing up and leaning over the counter, succeeded, unnoticed, in attaching the other end of the wire to a narrow brass rail which ran along the top edge of the counter. I must explain, that in order to reach the safe from the pantry door, as we called it, it was necessary to pass almost the entire length of this counter, and of course to repass it in returning.

The hour for closing arrived. My three friends had been waiting some time. Everything being ready, the boss sent our colleagues home, saying we would follow shortly. The three guests went with them.

It was still raining, and they hurried off. The gas was immediately turned off; and I at once opened the safe and removed the cash-box, which Harper put in a place of safety, and substituted the one I had prepared with the length of wire. There was plenty of slack wire, which we brought round the back of the safe, over the other end of the counter, fastening the free end to the positive pole of the battery.

All was now ready. We hid behind the counter and waited. Harper, who was very bitter against the thieves, on account of their unflattering description of himself, took up his place close to the Wheatstone transmitter, a clock-work machine driven by heavy weights, and capable of attaining a very high speed.

An hour passed. It struck twelve. The rain was still beating against the windows. I was stiff and cold and weary, and was beginning to wish we had called in the police, when I heard something a trifle louder than the rain at the pantry window.

There was a quick scratching sound like a nail drawn across a slate, and immediately after we heard the window-latch slipped back and the sash raised quietly. The men were certainly expert at their work.

Had we not been alert and expecting them, we should not have heard their operations. In a few moments the pantry door opened with a gentle creak, and the marauder was in the room. We held our breath.

Confident in his knowledge, the man had no light save what came from the windows. He approached the safe, and could not altogether suppress an exclamation of surprise and delight at finding it open. He was destined for more surprise and less delight shortly.

Peeping carefully over the counter, I could just discern him in the dim light, with the box in his right hand, turning to retrace his steps. As I had anticipated, and indeed reckoned on, he stretched out his empty left hand to guide himself along the counter, and—seized the brass rail. As he did so, the full force of the battery struck him. "Blazes!" he shouted, or rather yelled out.

He tried to let go the rail, but in vain. Then he attempted to drop the cash-box, but that stuck to him too. He began to hop about and stamp and groan and swear and pray continually and all at once. We could hear the cash-box thump and rattle against the floor or the counter as the current jerked his arm spasmodically to and fro.

At this point Harper quietly turned on the transmitter and pushed the lever over to top-speed. Any one who has heard an instrument of this description set in motion at its maximum speed knows what a sensation of coming disaster is given by the rapidly increasing revolutions of a score of wheels, which gather speed and force and noise until it seems as if the whole machine will burst up by excess of velocity.

Imagine the effect this had on the nerves of the man already in the grip of some mysterious, unfightable agony. Of course he jumped to the conclusion that the noise indicated some fresh increase of his tormonts.

He began to scream for mercy. "Oh-h-h! Help me. Murder! Oh gentleman, stop it! Don't kill me. Help! Help!" He writhed and struggled, fell on his knees, and by an enormous effort, tore the rail from its place; but the battery wire still held on.

For a time his cries and struggles redoubled; but at last he lay exhausted on the floor. I then turned off the current, and we turned on the gas. There lay our man, his face gray and distorted, as though he had had a fit. He was quite young. After he had somewhat recovered, he begged hard to be let go, gasping out: "You've done it hard enough on me."

After some hesitation, the boss decided to let him go. I fancy he was not quite at his ease as to how his action would be regarded by the department. Another reason was that the second man had got clean away. He had been waiting outside; but on hearing the disturbance and his pal's cries, had fled and left him.

The man was grateful for his release, and walked slowly and heavily away. He was evidently severely shaken, and I should scarcely think would ever try to rob a telegraph office again.

Ortolans.—Perhaps the greatest refinement in fattening is exhibited in the manner of feeding ortolans. The ortolan is a small bird, esteemed a great delicacy by Italians. It is the fat of this bird which is so delicious; but it has a peculiar habit of feeding, which is opposed to its rapid fattening—this is, that it feeds only at the rising of the sun. Yet this peculiarity has not proved an insurmountable obstacle to the Italian gourmands.

The ortolans are placed in a warm chamber, perfectly dark, with only one aperture in the wall. Their food is scattered over the floor of the chamber.

At a certain hour in the morning, the keeper of the birds places a lantern in the orifice of the wall; the dim light thrown by the lantern on the floor of the apartment induces the ortolans to believe that the sun is about to rise, and they greedily consume the food upon the floor. More food is now scattered over it, and the lantern is withdrawn.

The ortolans, rather surprised at the shortness of the day, think it their duty to fall asleep, as night has spread his sable mantel round them. During sleep, little of the food being expended in the production of force, most of it goes to the formation of muscle and fat.

After they have been allowed to repose for one or two hours, in order to complete the digestion of the food taken, their keeper again exhibits the lantern through the aperture.

The rising sun a second time illuminates the apartment; and the birds, awaking from their slumber, apply themselves vociferously to the food on the floor; after having discussed which they are again enveloped in darkness. Thus the sun is made to shed its rising rays into the chamber four or five times every day, and as many nights follow its transitory beams. The ortolans thus treated become little balls of fat in a few days.

Japanese Superstitions. — Japanese people are very superstitious, and have innumerable signs and tokens by which to regulate their conduct. They never sweep the rooms of a house immediately after one of the inmates has set out upon a journey, as this would sweep out all the luck with him. At a marriage ceremony neither bride nor bridegroom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage tie be soon loosed, as purple is the color most liable to fade. They have some curious ideas in regard to the fingernails, which are cut only at certain times. If a woman steps over an egg-shell, she will go mad; if over a razor, it will become dull; if over a whetstone, it will be broken. If a man should set his hair on fire, he will go mad. The Japanese have numberless other superstitions of a similar character.

Habits of Spiders.—The following curious fact is given on the authority of Mr. Sponce. Having placed a large full-grown spider on a cane planted upright in the midst of a stream of water, he saw it descend the cane several times, and remount when it had arrived at the surface of the water. Suddenly he altogether lost sight of it, but a few moments afterwards, to his great astonishment, perceived it quietly pursuing his way on the other side of the stream. The spider having spun two threads along the cane, had cut one of them, which, carried by the wind, had become attached to some object on the bank, and so served the spider as a bridge across the water. It is supposed that spiders, when adrift, always use similar means to cross water.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A bicyclist has been sentenced to seven months' imprisonment at Glashutte, Germany, because every night he would cross the railroad track at some point just in front of the locomotive so that the engineer was in great straits not to kill him. One evening he was accompanied by another wheelman who fell, and thus the offender became known. It was impossible to catch him before.

Railroad passengers are now classified individually as "first-class" "second-class," "thirdclass," "immigrant," "excursionists," "tourist," "family ticket passengers," "drawing room," "mileage passengers," "sleeping-car," "editorial," "dining-room," "colorgymon," "crews," "commuters," "privatecars," "passengers at the request of other railroads," "commutation tickets to individuals," "deadheads," "free passes," "separate car for colored people."

An interesting fight between a horse and a couple of blue jays occurred a short time ago at Cedar Key, Fla., in which the latter came out victorious. A horse was hitched to a tree, when the blue jays would fly down upon him and claw him. The horse stood it for some, when, suddenly, it got tired of such treatment, and threw himself back on the halter, breaking it and running away. After the jays had succeeded in getting the horse loose, they flew up in a tree and chattered as though they had won a great victory.

Ashley White, of Salem, Oregon, has a relic that is a rare curiosity. It consists of an old Hudson Bay Company knife, around which an oak tree has grown. The tree was felled and in being chopped up the woodman's ax came in contact with the knife. The tree has grown entirely around the knife, which was hidden from sight until discovered by the blade of the ax. The knife, which is badly rusted, was a very long one. Its blades are closed and one end of the handle is seen from either side of the stump. This knife must have been brought to Oregon and laid in the forks of an oak tree in Polk county as early as 1812.

Now that the golden rod, by means of its pollen, is announced on scientific authority to be one of the most vigorous of creators of hay fever and catarrh, there will probably be a willingness on the part of those who have strenuously advocated it as the national flower to listen to what the devotees of other flowers have to say. The American Society of Florists wants the violet taken at such. A California botanist says, Give us the Columbine, which helps us to make summer glorious from Maine to Texas, from New Jersey to California and Oregon, and which was named for Columbus. That looks reasonable and sensible.

A model of ocean currents is to be exhibited at the World's Fair, which will possess great practical value. This model, which is a huge scientific tank, is made to represent the surface of the earth spread out on an area of about 90 feet square, the ocean and seas being shown by actual water. Small streams of waters are ejected through pipes under the model, so that the whole body of water moves exactly as the ocean currents move. The direction of the currents is shown distinctly by a white powder on the surface of the water. Near the model will be placed a large map, giving the fullest details of the force, volume and direction of the various ocean currents.

Sir Henry Bessemer recommends the issuance for monetary purposes of what may be called a bank note made of metal. It would answer all required purposes and would make forgery and fraud next to impossible. His proposition is to take a thin plate of aluminum, suitably stamped and engraved, about the size of the florin, this disk of "the strange new white metal" to serve the purpose which the £1 English bank notes now fill—that is to say, it would represent the value of £1 and should be made redeemable on presentation. Its intrinsic value would be small, of course, but by means of a newly invented process it could be made so it would defy all the ingenuity of the forger, which would really make it a thing of great value after all. The metal is so light that the little aluminum disk could never be mistaken for a silver coin, and it would surely be a much pleasanter thing to handle than a crumpled, dirty bank note, impregnated, possibly, with the germs of many diseases.

Our Young Folks.

PRINCESS SERENA.

BY J. W. MORRILL.

RODILARDUS X., King of Catalabria, was dead as a door-nail, whereupon his daughter, the Princess Cheeta, was declared queen by the Parliament, composed of forty grave and dignified tom-cats.

And because the Princess Cheeta was young and giddy; which meant that she was fonder of playing ball than of learning the Mouse Laws, and preferred to snooze in the sun with dainuly outstretched paws to practising how to receive a deputation with grace, the Parliament decreed that the late king's sister's husband's mother's brother-in-law, Prince Bodo, should be joined with her in the government.

Now when Prince Bodo heard of the honor thus thrust upon, he was anything but pleased.

He did not want to be regent, so he told the messengers who waited upon him; and he had no mind to be associated with a giddy child such as the Princess Cheeta.

The proper person to be associated with her was the other daughter of his Majesty the late king, who was probably of a totally different disposition, since sisters, as everybody was aware, always went by contraries.

The messengers submitted that, as his Highness might perhaps give the trouble to recollect, the twin-sister of the princess had managed somehow to get herself lost, stolen, or strayed when she was yet in the cradle.

How she did it was the puzzle, and what had become of her since was also a puzzle: except that one kitten was very much like another, and unless people took the trouble to look for the three golden hairs at the extreme tip of her tail, they might not suspect her royal descent.

To this explanation Prince Bodo made no reply; the fact was, being very absent-minded, he had forgotten all about the messengers.

For the prince was a learned cat, and was engaged in writing a very learned book about the animals that became extinct at the time of the Grand Catastrophe, which was the name given to the Revolution that placed all the country under the dominion of the cats.

In the history books all events were dated as so many years after the Grand Catastrophe; such as "Rodilardus IV., 576 G. C."; "Repeal of the Bird Law, 250 G. C."

Prince Bodo, therefore, did not want to be disturbed, for he was in the middle of a very interesting article upon the extinct creature known by the name of "Baby."

While the messengers were discoursing the prince was writing

"Baby! The use of this singular creature is still unknown to us.

"It was not good to eat; it could not walk without help, and it frequently made loud and screeching noises.

"It had no proper fur, but was wrapped in pieces of wool, silk, or linen, which were sewn on it in a very odd fashion.

"When it was angry, it said, 'Boohoo!' and when pleased, 'Gah-gah!'

"This peculiar little creature was generally kept in a species of basket without a lid; and its grimaces——"

There was a hair in Prince Bodo's pen, and he stopped, as was his custom, to wipe it upon anything that came handy; which in this case proved to be Mufti, one of the deputation.

"And its grimaces," repeated Bodo thoughtfully, as he drew his pen across Mufti's head.

"Your Highness has given us no answer," called out Mufti, making a grab at the pen.

"Oh, what! are you there still?" said Bodo, wearily stroking his fine whiskers. "Tell them I haven't time to be regent, and Cheeta would drive me wild. Good morning; you'll find the door just behind you."

"Catalabria expects every cat to do his duty," remarked Mufti impressively.

"If I could advance the cause of education," murmured Bodo dreamily.

"That's the very thing," cried Mufti eagerly. "The schools are going to rack and ruin, and you could set all that to rights, my prince."

Bodo hesitated; he could not forget that the last time he visited his relative, King Rodilardus, that malicious Cheeta had put flour into his best hat and a hot muffin into each boot.

Bodo did not like jokes of that nature, also he wanted badly to go on with his book upon the extinct animals.

But he who hesitates is lost; Mufti was already holding his hat and coat, and the prince found himself on his way to the House of Parliament before he well know what had happened.

When the princess heard who was appointed regent, she flew into a fine passion.

"That stuffy, stuffy old fellow!" cried naughty Cheeta. "If he doesn't let me have my own way in everything, I'll plague him to death."

* * * * * *

It was examination day, and the professor had arrived, with such an enormous pair of spectacles upon his learned nose that the kittens shook in their very shoes, and nearly forgot everything they had ever been taught—except Lulu, who was so clever that she never forgot anything.

This was quite a solemn occasion, for all the parents had been invited to listen; and then, who should arrive but Prince Bodo.

The prince looked worn and haggard, for Cheeta worried him dreadfully, and the only comfort he had was to attend the schools upon examination days, and give away the prizes.

There was a vast deal of bowing and scraping before his Highness was properly settled in the place of honor; and the scholars took advantage of it to have a kicking and scratching match, which enlivened their drooping spirits.

Then the professor made a speech, and told the prince that he had come just in time to decide between Master Rory and Miss Lulu, who were about to recite a piece of poetry in order to see which deserved the grand prize.

Upon which, Prince Bodo made answer in a speech that lasted an hour and a quarter, and sent most of his audience to sleep; and at the end of it he graciously commanded the candidates to step forward.

Rory was a handsome fellow enough, but Lulu was just the sweetest and dearest little thing in the world; and when she made her gracious curtsey to the prince, he was so charmed with her that his admiring purr could be heard throughout the hall.

Rory heard it, and it made him scowl; for he was as jealous of poor Lulu as could be, and desperately afraid that she would gain the prize.

However, he had to begin; and he went through "My name is Norval" in what he considered fine style, roaring it out as if the prince were on the other side of the Channel, and he had to make him hear.

Bodo looked somewhat relieved when "Norval" came to an end.

Then Lulu recited that charming poem beginning "I am a little, little cat," and before she had finished the third verse everybody was applauding, and she had to stop; and curtsey.

This was altogether too much for [illegible] Rory, he made a sudden spring forward and gave Lulu a tremendous blow which nearly put out one of her pretty green eyes.

Back tumbled the poor child, but was just caught in time by Mr. Mayor, who shook his fist at that bad boy, Rory.

"You deserve to be whipped out of the school!" screamed he. "You have half killed my adopted daughter, you young scamp!"

Rory slunk away with his tail between his legs, the scholars all woke up and stared hard, and Prince Bodo left his seat and hustled forward in great excitement.

"Your adopted daughter, Mr. Mayor, did you say? Really, I feel very much interested in her; and of course the prize is hers; and, yes, to be sure, where was I?"

Never was there such an exciting examination day; for his Highness Prince Bodo had fainted away on the floor; and when brought to, all he did was to clasp the Mayor's hand and whisper—

"For the sake of suffering Catalabria, Mr. Mayor, don't tell Cheeta!"

Which the worthy Mayor, who had not the dimmest idea what the prince meant, faithfully promised, wondering secretly whether his Highness's great learning had not turned his brain.

* * * * * *

"Friends, Catalabrians, countrymen," cried Prince Bodo, winding up the longest speech he had ever made in his life, "you have now to choose. Will you continue to obey that foolish incapable, creature, the Princess Cheeta, or will you take for your head the queen I offer you? The Princess Serena, maliciously lost by a revengeful servant, is found!"

"Hooray, hooray! the Princess Serena for ever," shouted the mob. "Up with the one, and down with the other! Hooray! Hooray!"

The prince, who was hot and tired, smiled, well pleased; but he changed color as Mufti whispered something into his ear.

"Cheeta coming with five hundred guards to cut off my head!" he gasped. "Fly, good Mufti, and bring back——" he gave him some directions in a low voice, and the faithful fellow departed at full speed.

The Worshipful the Mayor had both a bell and a knocker to his front door, but Mufti made use of neither. He simply burst in like a whirlwind, and found, as he had hoped, pretty Lulu sitting with her adopted parents.

But he was too much out of breath to say anything but "Yow-yow-yow!"; and the three stared at him in amazement.

"Dear me! what has happened?" inquired the mayor politely.

Then Mufti found his tongue.

"Well enough you may ask, Mr. Mayor, but there's no time to answer; only that the prince has sent for her Highness the Princess Serena; and she is to come instantly, or there will be bloodshed."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Mr. Mayor, turning red in the face.

Mufti pointed to Lulu, and made a low bow.

"She's the princess! Bodo is an old goose in some things, I allow, but it was he who discovered the three golden hairs, and knew it must be the lost daughter of King Rodilardus. Princess, duty calls you!"

It was wonderful to see the dignified air with which the princess arose, and the queenly manner with which she gave her paw to Mufti, and allowed him to lead her away.

Mr. Mayor and his wife followed them with open mouths, for this was really too much to take in all at once.

But very soon they began to believe in the truth of this wonderful thing, for their adopted daughter whom Mr. Mayor had found in the snow as a tiny kitten was declared, by general proclamation, Queen of Catalabria, in the place of the Princess Cheeta, deposed.

It was Prince Bodo's doing; for in truth he had been driven to desperation by Cheeta's aggravating ways.

"My dear, even a worm will turn," said he, when that lady reproaching him for his conduct.

"Ugh!" was all the princess said, and flounced out of the room; and the prince looked rather unhappy until after a little while Serena came in, dressed in her robes of state, and put her soft paws round his neck.

"My precious pet!" said Prince Bodo; "do you feel every inch a queen?"

Serena smiled gaily as she heard these words, and nodded.

"Well, then, if your Majesty will permit me, I will return to my extinct animals."

"Never!" cried Serena, energetically. "What do you suppose I should do without you? Stay, or I will refuse to be queen!"

Bodo heaved a comical sigh.

"Very good, my dear child. I made you a queen; but I never expected to have to see that you stayed a queen."

"You dear old thing!" said Serena, taking him gently by the whiskers and kissing him "don't you know that it is always the unexpected that happens?"

But the prince was so astonished at her cleverness that he had not a word to say.

TO PRESERVE NETS.—The following treatment is said to preserve nets for a long time in good condition. Soften one pound of good glue in cold water, then dissolve it in ten gallons of hot soft water with one half pound of curd soap. Wash the nets in soft water, then boil them in the solution for two hours, press out excess of the liquid, and hang up over night. The second bath consists of alum two pounds, water five gallons; heat nearly to boiling, and immerse the nets in this for about three hours, then press and transfer to a strong decoction of oak bark or a solution of sumac in warm water—water five gallons, sumac eight pounds—and let them remain immersed in this for forty-eight hours, or longer, if convenient.

GUIDED BY QUICKSILVER.—A popular notion is that the whereabouts of a drowned person may be ascertained by floating a loaf weighted with quicksilver, which is said to stop where the body lies. This is a widespread belief, and instances of its occurrence are, from time to time, recorded.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

It takes five years to tan an elephant's skin.

The United States is reported to have 73,038 paupers in almshouses.

Molasses has lately been used as boiler fuel by Louisiana planters.

A Washington, D. C., man has been poisoned from a crab's bite.

"Fashionable shroud-maker" is advertised on a sign board at Washington.

According to an exchange, a Virginia, Va., doctor has an aluminum nose.

Decatur, Ala., has one negro Alderman, one negro justice and two negro policemen.

A contrivance for removing the hair by machinery has been invented by a Frenchman.

If all the mountains in the world were levelled, the average height of the land would rise nearly 750 feet.

All the employes of the elevated railroads in New York city are said to receive their pay in gold.

A cake walk, in which three ex-Governors acted as judges, was the event of the season at Maplewood, N. H.

An ice yacht has traveled a mile in 1.10, a running horse in 1.35¼, a torpedo boat in 1.50, a steam yacht in 2.01¼.

A farmer near Galena, Ind., planted a single potato on his farm, and from the hill he is said to have dug 54 pounds of potatoes.

A wash made of witch-hazel and cocaine, to be applied to the nasal passages when the asthma comes on is an effective cure for hay fever.

It seems to be quite a fixed belief among the Russian peasantry that throwing the dead body of a drunkard into the river is a sure cure for want of rain.

The guests at a hotel at Springfield, O., recently presented one of the waitresses with a pair of roller skates, in hopes of being waited on more rapidly.

The little hamlet of Aumone, in the Department de l'Indre in France, with only forty families, boasts of twenty-three octogenarians and one centenarian.

Joseph Hall, nearly 90 years old, was in Nyack, N. Y., one day last week, looking for relatives and friends. He left there 65 years ago and has not been there since.

A Detroit man took an ingenious way of venting his spleen on a neighbor by collecting several bushels of thistle-down and dumping it in the latter's yard on a recent night.

In London a rat cleverly opened a blackbird's cage, presumably to feast on the bird seed. The bird flew away and the door closed. This time the rat was unable to open it.

Doors and windows are taxed in France. In a peasant's hut the tax amounts to about three francs per annum; on houses in cities it sometimes comes as high as seventeen francs for each family.

The Stamford, Conn., police had their helmets stolen on Tuesday, and, as a result, the next day they went about in various kinds of headgear. The small boys of the town guyed them unmercifully.

The shortest will on record in Luzerne county, Pa., was filed on Saturday. The will is on a piece of paper, six inches square, and is as follows: "Mr. Bankers: Give all my money to Mike Walsh."

James Maydwell and wife, of Cincinnati, have had twenty-one children, all but one of whom are living. Nineteen of them reside at home. There are three pairs of twins in the lot.

William Meeker, who lives near Muncie, Ind., prosecuted a tramp who stole $2 from his house. The tramp had his hand done up in plaster of Paris, as if broken, but examination showed it to be uninjured.

The German Government will not use any white horses in the army in the future. It is claimed that, owing to the adoption of smokeless powder, white horses could be seen from a distance during a battle, and could be easily killed by the enemy.

Country newspaper correspondent, in Maine, sent the following cheerful news item to his paper: "B—— is at last provided with a nice hearse and our citizens can now be conveyed to their graves in decent shape. This is something that has long been needed here."

A letter was recently received at an English post office with the following queer address: "To the Manager of the public House with Walker's Sign up Corner of the Fair grounds and the stables are at the back of the house and last Christmas Mr. Davis's Switchback stand close to the house, Wolverhampton."

One day during the late haying season David Hulbut, of Whitneyville, Me., went to the barn to harness his horse to the hay wagon. He found the horse, but not the harness. After a lengthy search the latter was discovered on the other side of the fence which separates the stable from the garden. Mr. Hulbut is of the opinion that the horse, thinking that he had done his share in the hay field, took the harness out of the barn and hid it.

EARLY LOVE.

BY C. D.

I thank thee, memory, for an hour
  Of unsurpassed delight;
I've gazed on many a springtide flower
  Long hidden from my sight;
Roamed in that old familiar scene
  Where it was bliss to rove;
Where moonlight made the night serene,
  In those fond days of early love.

Oh, memory, may'st thou ever reign!
  Ne'er from me in old age depart;
For though the fire should leave my brain
  I would not lose my warmth of heart.
And thou shalt be a guide to me
  Like some bright star in skies above,
Leading me back to wander free,
  In those fond days of early love.

CRIMINAL DETECTION.

In nothing is the difference between the French and other peoples so marked as in their respective methods of criminal investigation. In England, for example, directly a prisoner is arrested the police caution him that whatever he may say will be taken down and used in evidence against him, and consequently the man remains silent; but in France the opposite method is adopted, and the prisoner is tempted, nay almost tortured, into confessing the part that he has played, under stress of continual cross-examination.

This power of interrogation, nevertheless, is not used indiscriminately. It is exercised under judicial sanction. There exists an officer of the law who employs this weapon in France, but who has no counterpart in England. This officer is called the juge d'instruction, or examining magistrate.

When a crime has been committed in Paris the news is taken to the prefect of police, who is at his post, or represented by one of his staff, day and night. The prefect acts at once, makes inquiry, and proceeds to arrest people if necessary.

A report, or dossier, is drawn up and submitted to the Chef du Parquet—a totally different department, which may be compared to that of the public prosecutor of the Treasury in that country. This magistrate examines the papers, signs them, and later in the day transfers them to the juge d'instruction.

He in his turn calls to his assistance one of the three Commissaires aux delegations, who have their offices in the Palais de Justice, and who are entirely at the disposal of the examining magistrates. One of these assistant commissioners confines himself to financial frauds and the other two deal with criminal matters generally, and furnish reports to their chiefs upon the cases in hand.

Meanwhile the Chef de la Surete, or head of the detective department, continues his investigations under the direction of the prefect. Under such a system naturally there is much jealousy. In fact, it is asserted by M. Andrieux, a former prefect, that a juge d'instruction in Paris has never tracked a criminal except by following the clues discovered by the police. The whole organization of the police gives them special advantages, for they maintain a surveillance upon bad characters, lodging houses, hackney carriages, public balls, gaming houses, and drink shops, which frequently leads them to unearth criminals.

Yet the prefect, advised of a crime, cannot make any arrest, however suspicious may be the circumstances, save only in a case of what the French call flagrant delit—caught in the very act. He must not telegraph to the frontier to apprehend fugitives, but he must go to the public prosecutor, during the night perhaps at his private house, and this magistrate must needs hunt up a juge d'instruction before anything can be done. All this red tape hinders justice.

The examining magistrate then proceeds to "get up" the case. Under his auspices the crime is "reconstituted"—that is to say, the scene of the tragedy is visited—nothing having been disturbed—the actors are called to demonstrate the part each one took, and the suspected man or woman—if an arrest has been effected—is ordered to explain why he did this and why he did that; how he succeeded in this dilemma, what he did at such a stage, and so on. Then he will be taken to the Morgue, there to be confronted with the corpse of the victim, and watchful eyes and ears will take note of every expression which may escape from him during the ordeal.

This procedure, terrifying in itself, is followed, it may be, by an almost interminable interrogation, carried on from day to day by the examining magistrate for several hours at a sitting. The accused is browbeaten at every turn, the skilful juge d'instruction pressing him closely upon all points, renewing his attack as his subordinate and the police bring him additional information whereon to base new questions. The prisoner learns something, but not all, of the case for the prosecution. He adopts one of two courses for his defence.

"Either he denies altogether his guilt," says a juge d'instruction, "and swears solemnly that he knows nothing; or he will accept a part of the responsibility—a very little share—throwing the larger measure of guilt upon an accomplice of whom he will give an exact description. If a man is guilty he will usually fall back upon an accomplice, because he finds it difficult to sustain the plea of entire innocence in the face of his inability to prove an alibi, and his ignorance of the facts which may have been discovered would prove him to have lied.

"Criminals, therefore, prefer to invent an accomplice. It throws a little doubt into the case, which may influence the minds of the jury, and from which, in due course, they may benefit. For, after all, the public have the disposition to side with the accused in his unequal combat with judges, the magistrates, and the police."

Besides the interrogation of prisoners and of witnesses in private, the French police have another important aid which is unknown to their colleagues elsewhere. It is most useful in cases of doubtful identity. The Anthropometrique Service, as it is called, was introduced by Dr. Bertillon to supplement the photographic collection of criminals' portraits. The method is simple. It consists in measuring the height of a man, the size of his head, the facial angle, the length of the foot, that of the hand, and the width of his extended arms. The color of his eyes is also noted. This done the detectives search the records.

Grains of Gold.

Small sins cause great sorrows.

If you want people to repent, preach repentance.

A tale out of season is as music in mourning.

Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

To lie to a child is to plant a weed in a garden of flowers.

Trouble always runs to meet the man who goes out to hunt it.

A doubt is the heaviest thing you can pick up and try to carry.

No man prays in earnest who does not work with just as much earnestness.

The way to qualify yourself to do great things is to be faithful in little ones.

To be truly and really independent, is to help ourselves by our own exertions.

In taking revenge, a man is but equal with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

"I fear God," said a man of good sense; "and next to Him, I fear only the man who does not fear Him."

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial-plate, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud.

Never accept the invitation of a man who is known to be ruled by his wife; neither bargain with him, unless the terms be written down; nor give him counsel in any shape.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, says Jeremy Taylor, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is only ours; and we are not born to-morrow.

Femininities.

With two moons, Mars ought to be a great place for the summer girl.

One thousand American young women are said to be studying art in Paris.

A Port Jefferson (N. Y.) young woman is reported to sleep with her eyes open.

According to statistical reports, 20,000 Chicago husbands are supported by their wives.

Cardinal Moran, the Archbishop of Sydney, made a vow in early life never willingly to look upon the face of a woman.

"Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Lexington, Va.," is the way the widow of the Confederate general signs her name on hotel registers, says the Boston "Globe."

A Norristown (Pa.) mother, learning that her son intended to elope, raced him for several squares with a broom, and so made one less marriage ceremony.

Merritt: "Does your wife always run to the door and welcome you with a kiss?" Cobwigger: "No, only when she has been gadding about all day and hasn't the dinner ready."

Jane Cakebread holds the London record in the matter of the number of arraignments for being drunk and disorderly. She has recently made her 300th appearance in police court.

Tom: "Miss Doremus is always singing about the house; she must have a better disposition than the other members of the family." Jack: "Yes; theirs has been completely spoiled by it."

Priscilla: "Do you think Edwin and Angelina really love each other?" Prunella: "I know they do. They sat together for two hours yesterday and said nothing but 'Oh, Edwin!' and 'Oh, Angelina!'"

A Cincinnati preacher proposed to a young lady, but was rejected. His feelings were again hurt when a widow sent him the following text to preach from: "You ask and receive not, because you ask a miss."

A country visitor to a recent theatrical performance at Carson City, Nev., who held a coupon which read, "this entitles the bearer to one seat," was stopped while making his exit with a chair under his arm.

A German naturalist enumerates the following birds and mammals as deserving of protection: Shrews, bats, owls, cuckoos, swallows, swifts, nightjars, tree-creepers, woodpeckers, wrens, robins, whitethroats, waterwagtails and titmice.

Among the women's clubs in New Jersey is one that has named itself "The Sparrows," because they live on the crumbs that fall from the big clubs' tables. They have the second reading of the papers from two or three large clubs in the State.

"May I ask if that was your maiden effort?" inquired a "Chicago Tribune" reporter of the women's rights convention, edging his way around to the fair orator who had just sat down amid loud applause. "It was not, sir," she replied emphatically. "I'm a widow."

Miss Seventeen: "And so you are married at last, my dear, after all those years. How new it must seem! Didn't you feel embarrassed a little while the ceremony was being performed?" Mrs. Thirty-eight (faintly): "No, dear, not embarrassed; only just relieved."

Yabsley: "I have always had an idea that after a couple had been married for some time even their thoughts became to a great degree identical. Am I right, Peck?" Mr. N. Peck: "I think you are. About now my wife is thinking over what she'll say to me for coming home so late. And so am I."

Plush goods, and all articles dyed with aniline colors, faded from exposure to light, will look as bright as ever after being sponged with chloroform. The methylated chloroform will answer very well, and is less expensive than the purified. Care, however, must be exercised so as not to inhale it to any large extent during the process.

Mollie: I wonder why they married. He isn't rich, nor a foreigner; not even an English lord. Dollie: No; and she hasn't any money, nor been on the stage, nor done anything like that. And her father is only a common American, not even a Knickerbocker. I can't understand it. Mollie (with a bright thought)—Perhaps—perhaps they were in love!

If the following mixture be spread on the inside of cheap leather gloves, and worn several nights, the hands will become soft and white: Mutton-suet, two ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; powdered benzoin, half an ounce; the yolks of two eggs; Peru balsam, one drachm; white curd soap, half an ounce; olive-oil, two and a half ounces; and twenty drops of attar of roses.

Shall a man take off his hat to a maid servant who is employed in his household, and, if not, what shall he do when he chances to meet her? This matter has been gravely discussed in the London "Spectator," and it has occurred to somebody to suggest that the man need not do anything until the maid, exercising woman's universal prerogative, has signified that she is graciously pleased to recognize him in public.

Masculinities.

The nearest some men ever got to a bath is a visit to a pool room.

The youngest man in the new British House of Commons is 21 years old; the oldest 90.

Perhaps the most happily named man in England is Mr. Thankful Joy, a Hampshire cricketer.

It is the fad of Boston society people to intoxicate themselves with compound oxygen.

Mudge: "I'd much rather a man called me a knave than a fool." Yabsley: "Of course. It's the truth that hurts."

A Judge in Chicago recently sentenced a man to one day imprisonment for killing a man who had ruined his home.

A shoe with a hinged sole for the purpose of facilitating the putting on or taking off is a recent invention.

Peter Blair, of Ohio, Ind., celebrated his twenty-first birthday by marrying a widow 40 years old with wealth and nine children.

Gabriel Bottorff and wife, of Jeffersonville, Ind., celebrated their golden wedding on Sunday. The groom is 75 years old, the bride 70.

A long first joint of the thumb shows will power; a long second joint indicates reasoning power, a thick, wide thumb indicates marked individuality.

Not one member of the United States Senate was born west of the Missouri River, and all but two out of 33 were born east of the Mississippi.

At Three Rivers, Mich., there is a grocery kept by "Jake and Jack," while "Jack and Jim" are the names of the proprietors of a grocery.

"Uncle" Wash Couch, who lives near Benoni, Ga., has four sons who are said to have been born on the same day of the month in different years.

Penelope: "You look positively ecstatic. Has she promised to marry you?" Cholly: "Yaas." Penelope: "When?" Cholly: "When I become great."

A Milford, Ind., woman was bitten on the cheek by a mosquito a few days ago. Blood poisoning resulted and her life was saved with difficulty.

Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. He has an elaborate studio, with skylight and dark room especially planned.

The oldest living graduate of Harvard, Dr. W. L. Russell, aged 93 has been playing a game of croquet in Barre, Mass., with his brothers, youngsters of 87 and 85 years.

The correct mourning cloaklet or cape for gentlemen in Paris is short, and of black silk. It is a copy of the article worn by the sombre tenor in "Don Giovanni."

A Londoner recently made a wager that in less than 12 hours' time he could smoke 81 cigars down to an inch. He performed the feat in 11 hours and 18 minutes.

Abilene, Kan., is the possessor of a man who keeps himself supplied with newspapers by writing a postal card every week to some large paper office asking for a sample copy.

There is a time in every young man's life when, for a while, he thinks he is a second Solomon. He soon gets over it, though, when he begins to find out how many kinds of a fool he is.

The following Royal "fads" are authenticated: The Emperor of Germany—chess; the King of Italy—fishing; the Czar Alexander III.—trio-trac; King William of Holland—piquet.

While a man was working on the steeple of a church at Newburg, N. Y., his watch slipped from his hand and dropped to the ground. When the watch was picked up it was going.

The German Empress has been so deluged with applications to become the godmother of the children of Tom, Dick, and Harry, that she has made a rule to confer such an honor only when she is acquainted with one or other of the parents.

"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em, and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found there's nothing you can say to a man will satisfy him."

While a boy at Newcastle, Ind., was diving another lad cracked two stones together under the water, causing a concussion. In a short time the boy complained that his ear was paining, and within 24 hours he was unable to hear, except when spoken to in loud tones. The drum of his ear is believed to be broken.

A pretty superstitious yellow garter worn around the left leg is supposed to exercise a peculiar charm and bring fair fortune to the wearer. But woe to the unwary maid who purchaseth a pair! The spell will not work unless the other dimpled knee is held in an elastic embrace of contrasting color, and motley is the order of the garter. Yellow for the left leg, of course, and black, usually, for the right; if not black, cardinal or blue, or anything you please.

Only Powder.

BY G. B. B.

THE declining sun seemed to pause for one golden second on the edge of the sea, and Mrs. Ferris involuntarily put up her plump hand, dimpled in each of its five joints, to shield her eyes from the ribbon of flame which blazed along the waves.

"Isn't it a lovely sight?" said she. "And only to think that to-morrow we shall have to go back to those dismal streets."

Mrs. Ferris was cashier in a huge feather factory, a charming widow, who answered exactly to Byron's idea of "fat, fair and forty."

Her companion, a tall, slim girl, with rich brown hair, large hazel eyes and bewitchingly irregular features, smiled.

"We?" said she, with a slight accent of interrogation in her voice.

"Oh, I forgot!" cried Mrs. Ferris. "But really, Annie Holt, do you intend to give up all your prospects and bury yourself alive in this country place?"

"I've promised Fred!" quietly responded Annie.

"But he's nothing on earth but the keeper of a lighthouse!" pleaded Mrs. Ferris. "And only think of being shut up in that living tomb, half a mile out to sea."

"I should not mind it at all, so long as Fred was there, too," demurely answered the girl.

"It will be awfully lonely!"

"With one's husband?"

"And you've been used to such a busy life in Rinton's shop!"

"It has been too busy," said Annie.

"And every one says old Rinton would marry you in a moment if you'd give him the least encouragement."

Annie elevated her pretty little nose.

"I'd as soon marry the wooden Highlander in front of a tobacco shop," said she.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Ferris, laughing. "Look here, Annie!"

In the plump, white hand she held out two or three cigars, brown sealed and fragrant, and a box of matches.

"Speaking of tobacco shops," said she. "I matched these away from Captain Bruce this morning."

"What for?"

"Because I think he's smoking too much. Because I've told him he must stop, and yet he still keeps on," declared the widow.

"Are you Captain Bruce's keeper?" laughingly demanded Annie.

"Well, no, not exactly, but——"

"Nesta!" cried Annie seizing both her companion's hands and looking resolutely in the face, "you are blushing! You are absolutely blushing!"

"No, I'm not!" cried Mrs. Ferris, looking pinker than ever. It's the reflection of that red sunset over the water. Why should I blush?"

"Because you like Ned Bruce. You know you do. Nesta! if only you would marry Ned, and then we need neither of us go back to town again! We could be so happy."

"What nonsense you are talking! He never has asked me!"

"But he would if you'd give him the slightest chance. And he has such a pretty cottage, and he owns a fifth of the vessel he commands."

"A sea captain is too much in the habit of commanding," observed Mrs. Ferris, solemnly. "He might want to command me! Oh, Annie, look there! We're not half a mile away from the old tower on Fairhope Point. Let's go and see what it's like. Come; it's our last night here."

"But Fred told me not to go too near it!" urged Annie.

Mrs. Ferris tossed her handsome blonde head.

"That's the very reason I mean to go," said she. "And Fred needn't know."

"Indeed, I'd rather not!"

"Just as you please;" said Mrs. Ferris, rising from the rock she had perched herself upon. "If you've got the conscience to desert me, do so. But I'm determined to see what's in the inside of that old ruin."

And unwilling enough, Annie followed her friend across the glistening sand, fringed with ridges of still dripping seaweed, and dotted here and there with odd little convoluted shells.

"Don't, Nesta!" she argued. "It's growing dusk and the wind has turned cold." She shivered slightly as she spoke. "I'm sure there's a storm blowing up."

But Mrs. Ferris was in one of her merriest, most wilful moods. She caught Annie's hand and dragged her into the shadow of the solid-looking old tower.

She pushed the creaking door open and entered, still dragging her companion at her heels.

"A liquor storage, I think," said she, straining her eyes into the semi-darkness. "A lot of little barrels, laid on their sides! Now—I—do—wonder—what—they—are? Ah!" with a sudden inspiration, "wasn't it lucky I stole Ned's matches away?"

She drew the box of matches from her pocket with the quick motion which was habitual to her. In the same instant the dark doorway was again darkened—this time by a tall, masculine figure.

"Captain Bruce?"

Mrs. Ferris stood transfixed with amazement, the box in one hand, the upraised match, ready to strike against it, in the other.

Captain Bruce snatched both from her and thrust them deep into his pocket.

"Now go!" said he, in deep, stern accents.

Mrs. Ferris flushed to the very roots of her curly, gold-brown bangs.

"I won't!" she cried. "You forget, Captain Bruce, that you are not on your own quarter deck! And anyhow," with a tone of defiant mischief in her voice, "I've got one match left in the bottom of my pocket!"

She was fumbling for it, when the tall sea captain suddenly caught her up in his arms as if she had been an oversized wax doll, and, striding through the narrow doorway, carried her some dozen yards or so across the glistening beach, before he put her down.

"How dare you?" cried the widow, involuntarily putting up her hand to straighten out her rumpled tresses. "I never, never will forgive you!"

"But, Nesta——"

"Nor will I ever speak to you again!"

"Mrs. Ferris——"

But before he could get the words out, the pretty widow had once more seized Annie's wrist, and the two were vanishing into the grey folds of the twilight.

Neither of them spoke until they had reached the quiet, apple-tree shaded lane which led to the farm-house where they had been boarding for a few weeks.

Then, as they paused to regain breath, Annie looked at her companion in surprise.

"Nesta," she exclaimed, "you are crying!"

"I—I can't help it!" sobbed Mrs. Ferris. "He looked at me so! He spoke so sternly!"

"Nesta, you love him!"

"No, I don't!" cried Mrs. Ferris, stamping her foot. "I hate him!"

And then she sat down among the daisies and sweet fern, and cried harder than ever, until the first sprinklings of a coming shower compelled her to accompany Annie into the house.

"I've got the match in my pocket still," she said, when she was bathing her eyes before tea. "I—I don't care now whether Captain Bruce smokes or not."

Just as they sat down to the table, a flash of blue lightning outblazed the lamp on the table—a crash of thunder shook the walls.

Mrs. Ferris gave a little shriek; she was nervous in thunderstorms.

"I hope that the powder magazine won't be struck," said the farmer's wife, coming in with a plate of hot cakes. "Captain Bruce, he's just had it filled full his last voyage, an' the company ain't going to send for it till next week."

"The—what?" said Mrs. Ferris.

"The powder magazine," explained the farmer's wife. "Don't you know—that old stone building out on Fairhope Point. 'Tain't possible you haven't noticed it?"

Mrs. Ferris and Annie Holt looked at each other. Both had grown very pale, but the good farmer's wife observed nothing.

"I guess it's safe enough," said she, as another peal sounded further off. "The storm's going off east, thank goodness!"

In half an hour the rain was over, and the moon was shining brightly. Annie, who sat at the window, gave a little start.

"I think—there comes Fred Kyre," said she, "up the garden walk!"

"And I'm almost sure," whispered Mrs. Ferris, "Captain Bruce is with him."

Annie ran out to meet her lover. Mrs. Ferris sat still until Captain Bruce entered. Then she rose, and looked up into his face with pleading eyes.

He held out the fragrant brown cigars and the little match-box which had so nearly precipitated them all into eternity.

"Here they are, Nesta," he said; "I give them back to you. You didn't know, did you, that you were standing in a powder magazine when I took them from you so abruptly?"

"I didn't know then, Captain Bruce," she said, in a low voice. "I know it now. And it was your promptness and decision that saved my life—all of our lives."

"You will forgive me then?" he pleaded.

"Oh, Captain Bruce!"

"And you will speak to me again?"

Mrs. Ferris's head drooped.

"You are cruel!" she whispered.

"Cruel! I? And to you? Oh, Nesta—oh, my darling!"

When Mrs. Ferris went back to London, it was to buy her wedding gown. The business had to look out for a new cashier. She and Annie were to be lifelong neighbors after all.

"And he has promised me two things," said the bride-elect. "One is to leave off smoking; the other is never again to transport any cargo so dangerous as gunpowder."

"Men never do keep the mad promises they make before marriage," said Annie, laughing.

"I intend to see to that myself," said Mrs. Ferris, composedly.

FRANKLIN AND THE BARBER.—On Franklin's arrival at Paris, as Plenipotentiary from the United States, during the Revolution, the king expressed a wish to see him immediately. As there was no going to the Court of France in those days, without permission of the wig-maker, a wig-maker of course was sent for.

In an instant a richly dressed monsieur, his arm folded in a prodigious muff of furs and a long sword by his side, made his appearance. It was the king's wig-maker, with his servant in a livery, a long sword by his side too, and a load of sweet-scented band-boxes, full of "de wig," as he said, "de superb wig for de great Doctor Franklin."

One of the wigs was tried on—a world too small! Band-box after band-box was tried; but all with the same ill success. The wig-maker fell into the most violent rage, to the extreme mortification of Franklin, that a gentleman so bedecked with silks and perfumes, should, notwithstanding, be such a child.

Presently, however, as in all the transports of grand discovery, the wig-maker cried out that he knew where the fault lay—"not in his wig as too small; O, no! his wig no too small; but de doctor's head too big—great deal too big." Franklin smiling, replied that the fault could hardly lie there; for that his head was made by the Almighty, who was not subject to err.

Upon this the wig-maker took in a little; but still contended that there must be something the matter with Franklin's head. It was, at any rate, he said, out of "de fashion." He begged the doctor would only please for remember, dat his head had not de honner to be made in Parree. No! for it has been made in Parree, it no bin more din half such a head. None of the French noblesse had a head anything like his. Not the great Duke d'Orleans, nor de grand monarch had half such a head as Docteer Franklin."

And he did not see, he said, "what business anybody had wid a head more big dan de head of de grand monarch."

Pleased to see the poor wig-maker recover his good humor, Franklin could not find it in his heart to put a check to his childish rant, but related one of his fine anecdotes, which struck the wig-maker with such an idea of his wit, that as he retired, which he did, bowing most profoundly, he shrugged his shoulders, and with a look most significantly arch: "Ah! Docteer Franklin! Docteer Franklin! I no wonder your head too big for my wig. I'fraid your head be too big for all de French nation."

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—Onions, we admit, do not add to the sweetness of a lady's breath, though they certainly do add to the fragrance of flowers. Let one of our lady-readers plant a large onion near a rose-bush, so as to touch its root; and, our word for it, it will wonderfully increase the odor of the flowers. The water distilled from these roses would be far superior to any other. This is strange, but true.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O

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A MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

"THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

CONSTANTINE MAKOVSKY stands at the head of art in Russia, and his great painting "The Wedding Feast," was awarded the highest prize at the International Exposition 1883, and is one of the celebrated pictures of the century. The artist has selected for his subject the bride's first appearance in society. The husband and wife are represented standing at the head of the table, and the guests and friends are merrily welcoming the young couple to the feast. The cups are raised to drink her health and happiness when the bridegroom shall have taken his first kiss. With drooping eyes and face covered with blushes, the bride, conscious that every eye rests upon her, is a picture of innocence and loveliness. Her guardian is by her side, filled with love and admiration as she unveils the bride. All the assembly manifest the utmost pleasure and interest in the event.

This is a picture which will appeal especially to those who prefer the portrayal of domestic joys rather than the splendor of war or the suffering of religious faith. It is a glimpse of real life into which the poetry of love enters deeply.

The Picture we offer, size of which is 21x28 inches, printed on the thickest canvas paper, is an exact fac-simile of the original, in magnificence of coloring as well as in all other respects. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $40,000, and brought to this country.

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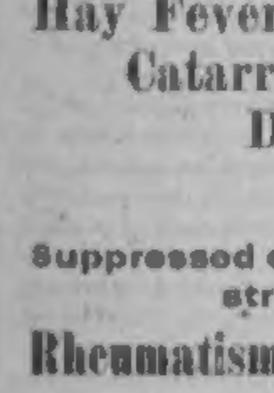

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Century" for September is fully up to the high rank it always maintains. There is no finer publication whether looked at in regard to its get-up or its matter. It is equally a feast for the mind and eye. Published at New York.

A CLEVER STRATEGIST.—The French people love the mysterious, and may be readily imposed upon by any show of jugglery. Not long ago a Parisian doctor set up an establishment in a fashionable locality. He assumed a high-sounding name, furnished his house in weird and fantastic fashion, engaged solemn-looking and taciturn servants, and announced that he could only see patients after the hours of midnight or in the grey dawn of the morning. The effect was electrical. Every weak-minded person, with maladies real or imaginary, flocked to the new medico, who soon began to reap a golden harvest. At last the suspicions of the police were aroused. The commissary paid him a personal visit, and asked to see his diplomas. To his surprise he found out that not only had the suspected individual taken good degrees, but that he had graduated with the highest honors at the Paris University. Just as he was taking his departure, however, the doctor entreated him not to let any one know of his high qualifications. The commissary, with some surprise, asked him the reason of his desire to conceal so much intellectual light under a bushel. "Why," replied the other, "if my patients only knew that I was a mere doctor, my practice would vanish like the snow."

DYNAMITE.—Those who have never seen the much talked-of dynamite explosive will be interested to know that it looks very much like moist brown sugar. Nitro-glycerine, which is formed by the action of nitric acid by glycerine, at a low temperature, is the active agent in dynamite, but is mixed with some absorbent substance to render it safer to handle than the liquid glycerine. The absorbent material thus in used is a silicious earth—a fine white powder composed of the remains of infusoria, and resembling powdered chalk; this takes up two or three time its weight of the nitro-glycerine, without becoming pasty, and the ingredients are easily mixed, leaden vessels and wooden spoons being used to avoid dangerous friction. When flame is applied to this mass it burns with a strong blaze, without any explosion; but when ignited by a detonating fuse, or even by a sudden blow, its explosive force is tremendous.

REACTIONS.—Is it not a rule that if we get up in the morning very cheerful, we are sure to be cross and gloomy before many hours are gone? But if the spirit's morning, at its dawn, be "kerchiefed in a comely cloud," this promises brightness as the day advances, much as the pale mist that in the morning hides the farthest shrubs in our garden gives place to the intense glittering sunshine of a September noon. After a day of grave, careful, smileless, and mostly separate work, we and our quiet wife, when the children have subsided, sit down, like Cowper, to "enjoy spare feast, a radish and an egg;" but curiously enough, a certain imp of mirth that has been under arrest all day, and that none, not even ourselves, would suspect us of harboring, makes that his hour; quickened by some veriest trifle, he breaks his fetters and fairly overmasters us. Something odd a child has said in the day, or a blunder of the maid-servant, or a sparkle of wit which we couldn't have believed of each other, is sufficient to bring on the full reaction from our day's gravity, and we laugh like a whole gallery-full of spectators at a farce, and go to bed with aching sides.

THE DOUBLE.—Two students went out near Paris with only one shooting-license between them. All went on merrily till the garde champetre (municipal gamekeeper, who looks after the enfenced fields of the villagers) hove in sight. One of the friends instantly bolted as hard as he could, the official, of course, after him. When the gamekeeper at last came up with the fugitive, he demanded his permit in as loud and harsh a tone as his want of breath would allow. "Here it is," replied the student, producing the document. "You with a permit?" exclaimed the irate keeper. "Then why the deuce did you give me such a chase?" "Why the deuce did you run after me?" said the other. The friend who was shooting without a license had meanwhile got away.

HER PICTURE.—"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had bad news from your husband?" "Oh! worse than that! Arthur writes me from Carlsbad that he would die with grief at being absent from me were it not that he gazes at my picture and covers it with a thousand kisses every day." "That is very nice of him; but surely you are not crying about that? Most women would give anything to have such a poetic and devoted husband." "O, yes! Arthur is very poetical. But you don't know. Just to try him, I put mother's photo into his traveling bag instead of my own, and the wretch has never found it out. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

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"Is it wrong to sigh for a young man's arm,
To help me climb life's hills?
Is it wrong to desire some day to charm
A husband who'll pay my bills?
Is it wrong to cling in close embrace
To the hope of becoming a bride?
Is it wrong to wish for feathers and lace,
And the dresses for which I have sighed?
Is it wrong to crave for the marriage state,
To be called not a Miss but a Madame?
Is it wrong for a girl to desire to mate?
Is it wrong for Eve to love Adam?
Is it wrong for a woman to long every day
For Cupid's delectable visit?
Is it wrong, then, for Mr. Right's coming to pray?
Is it wrong Mrs. Grundy? Now—is it?"

—U. N. Nown.

Nicely Said.

Lady (to famous animal painter)—It is a great pleasure to me to meet you. I adore animals.

Mrs. Coldwater: "I wonder why he doesn't try holding his breath when he has hiccoughs." Jagleton: "I guess it's most too strong for him."

"I say," said Biggins, "what's the 'reign of terror?'" "The rain of terror," replied Buggins, "is the shower that comes up when your wife has her best bonnet on."

"You must not go into the water after a hearty meal," said the landlord of a seaside hotel to a guest. "Where am I to go after it then?" replied the guest. "I can't get it at your hotel."

She: "Do you take nothing yourself?" He: "No. They've passed a law here that no man can have a glass of whisky unless he's been bitten by a rattlesnake, and the only snake in town is six weeks behind his orders now."

Minister: "I understand that you do not believe that a person is sufficiently punished on this earth for his misdeeds." Neighbor: "Oh, yes, I do now; but I didn't until I heard you preach." The parson walks on a little perplexed.

Mr. John Jones went out West to look at some mining property, and his family afterwards were informed by telegraph that he was dead. "Please send on the remains," the sorrowful relatives wired; but back came the message: "There ain't no remains. He was killed by a bear."

They were discussing religious questions. Said Brown: "I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death, neither does man. There is no difference between a man and a beast." Deacon Jones (demurely): "If anybody could convince me of that, Brown, it would be you."

Senior Partner (to head clerk): "You'll excuse me for mentioning it, but—er—your face is hardly as tidy as I would like to see it." Head Clerk: "I'm letting my whiskers grow, sir." Senior Partner: "So I see; but I can't permit employes to grow their whiskers in business hours. They must do that in their own time!"

Mrs. Sternwife: "Yes, indeed, Miss Firstsummer, I know how exasperating it is to have one's affections trifled with. A young man attempted to trifle with my heart, but I tell you I got even with him." Miss Firstsummer: "You filled him when he finally proposed, I presume?" Mrs. Sternwife: "No, I married him.

She had been there: "I beg your pardon," said the cheeky youth to the calm and austere maiden in the Pullman, "but I think I have seen you somewhere before." The maiden fixed a freezing stare upon him. "I think not," she replied severely; "I have been there several times, but only to pass through." Then he passed on.

Bridegroom (after the ceremony): "Maud, you and I are one now. It only remains to be decided which is the one. I tried to win you, didn't I?" Bride: "Yes, Harold. "And I won. That seems to settle it." "Not quite, Harold. You tried to win me. You succeeded. Then you are the winner, are you not?" "Yes, dear." "And I am the won."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of looking over the new dresses belonging to a lady, who is called the most tastefully gowned woman in New York. She wore a very handsome home dress of maize colored satin surah, striped with black, made princess shape, with a narrow rose plaiting of the same around the bottom. The front was draped over from right to left, and the front lap hung loose to the bottom and was faced with cherry satin. In front at the neck was a V shaped plastron of cherry and black striped surah satin of the same pattern as the dress, and a frill of black Chantilly went around the opening and crossed to the left side. The sleeves were leg o' mutton of the cherry striped satin, and there was a Watteau plait ending in a demitrain at the back. The wrists were finished with a pointed cuff and had a frill of Chantilly lace.

A walking gown was of dark blue toile du Nord, plaided with gold colored lines. The skirt was quite plain. The round corsage had the upper part shirred and brought down to a close point under a sash belt of satin of the same color. The sash belt was quilled in the middle of the front and had a whalebone run in, which kept it in place.

A lovely soft drab crepon had a plain skirt with a close rose plaiting of satin ribbon of the same shade, and the corsage was a marvel of studied simplicity, trimmed with Irish point and satin sash ribbon to match. There were two rows of lace leading to a point in the back, where there was an upright bow of ribbon, and four small bows were set up the back to the neck.

A rich black silk had the sleeves covered with dull steel spangles and a sort of Figaro front. The skirt was plain, with the exception of a full pinked plaiting.

The evening dresses were beautiful and of the most elegant possible material. There was one of heliotrope satin for the back of the skirt; the front was of lilac satin brocaded with pampas grass pattern in shadings from dark heliotrope to pearl gray. Across the foot was a flounce of satin, edged by a fall of point lace set on in festoons in Renaissance style. The sleeves had a high puff of the dark satin, and the forearms were of the brocade trimmed with lace and small bows. A tiny bonnet, with a crown of shaded violets, goes with this gown. The corsage has a sort of scalloped top forming a corselet, and the lower part of the waist ends in tabs of the dark. The front is draped from the shoulder to the bottom with full ruffle of lace, and beneath this is a vest of crepe lisse over the lighter color. This is for visiting and reception.

Another has a white satin front embroidered richly with fine cut jet right on the satin. Below this is a full flounce of point d'Aquille lace. The corsage has the front and back of black velvet, finished with lace and cream satin ribbons, and a bow with long ends falls over the train.

A white crepe de chine has the front almost covered with pearls and gold embroidery, done in rich patterns with loose loops of pearls as pendants to each. At the bottom the pearl embroidery grows wider and heavier and verges into and

TOILE DU NORD AND PRETTY GOWN.

falls with a full flounce of Honiton lace. The back or train is of heavy cream satin. The sleeves are of lace, with ribbons and pearls, and the corsage is of satin draped with lace and crape.

Another superb gown was of pearl satin and white moire panels, with Honiton lace between them. The train was of satin. The waist was scalloped at the top and lavishly trimmed with Honiton.

A pearl colored rep, with a train of the same, had the front of the skirt completely draped over with rare Venetian point in one piece. The sleeves were of velvet to match, and the corsage was V shape, with lace and dainty bows on the shoulders.

Cream colored lace and pearl satin, with a quilled sash and bands of pearl ribbon crossing the back, finished this splendid costume.

One of the daintiest dresses was a white crepe de chine pattern dress, with band of silk open embroidery worked in. There was a sort of panier to this. The sleeves were plain puffed and the back draped to a point, with the rows of the embroidery down the seam. Another had a front of black satin, with cream moire train, heavily trimmed with point applique and rich black ribbon; the waist is combined of both materials and has a stomacher of lace and ribbon; the upper part of sleeve of black satin and the lower of moire, with several small buttons on upper seam.

Rich dark gray velvet and corsage of another evening dress. The front has diagonal insertings of velvet and lace made of gold and corn colored thread. The sleeves have open tops filled with the lace, and the corsage is so elaborate that I cannot describe it. More than that it is rich with the lace and dress material and V shaped in the neck. The sleeves are long, like all sleeves now. These are all Worth gowns.

Odds and Ends.

MATTERS ABOUT THE HOME IN GENERAL.

For burns take equal parts of linseed oil and lime water mixed and poured over the burn. A cotton or linen cloth is wrung out of the mixture and laid upon the wound. If this preparation is faithfully used it will be found to remove pain and give a great deal of comfort. Pure glycerine is a most excellent remedy also. When first applied it causes smarting, but this soon ceases and the actual pain from the burn is much relieved. Glycerine is said to favor rapid healing. The sooner it is applied after the accident the quicker good results will be obtained.

After exercise of any kind ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health, or even life.

Flannel that has become yellow from being badly washed can be whitened by soaking it for two or three hours in a lather made of one quarter of a pound of curd soap, two tablespoonfuls powered borax and two tablespoonfuls of carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in five or six gallons of water. Boil the soap in small shavings in water till dissolved, then add to it the other ingredients. Let the flannel lie in it until it looks whiter, then squeeze and press it, and rinse in blueing water, and hang in the hot sun to dry. Iron while it is still damp.

When a pudding is boiled in a mold, take it from the water and plunge it immediately into cold water, then turn it out immediately; this will prevent it from sticking.

It is said that if the woodwork in the kitchen is kept constantly scrubbed with water in which potash has been dissolved, roaches and ants will speedily disappear.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in a regular condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.

Combing and rubbing the scalp of the head with the hand draws the blood up to the surface of the head, and not only relieves the pain at times, but adds new strength to the hair.

Do not let your laundress or washerwoman put clothes into the blueing water until they have been well shaken; if tossed in while folded, as they come through the wringer they are almost certain to be streaked with blueing, and although after repeated washings these streaks will come out, every one knows how aggravating it is to use napkins or handkerchiefs that show traces of careless washing.

Tapioca is delicious in white soup; it is very nourishing also.

A sauce-piquante for fish is made by adding a teaspoonful of curry-powder to the ordinary sauce of drawn butter. Or you may omit the vinegar and chop two or three small tart cucumbers fine, and mix them with the sauce.

A delicious filing for a layer cake is made of one cupful of stoned raisins, and one lemon, peeled, chopped together; mix with this half a cupful of cold water and one cupful of sugar. Beat this well together; if the cake is well baked, so there is a crust on top, put the filling in while the cake is still warm. Be sure to remove the seeds from the lemon.

Chocolate jelly will sometimes be relished by one who has a delicate and uncertain appetite. Boil three gills of sweet milk and two bars of chocolate together until the chocolate is entirely dissolved, then add sugar and vanilla until the flavor you like is imparted. After dissolving half a box of gelatine in cold water, stir this in with the chocolate and milk, let it simmer gently for a few minutes, then pour into moulds or bowls, and set in a cool room.

One way to vary the ordinary aspic jelly is to take the liquor in which three chickens have been boiled; boil it until you have only about one quart. Half a box of gelatine which has been dissolved in cold water should then be added, with salt and a little black pepper. Then stir into this enough lobster meat chopped very fine to give a distinctive lobster flavor to the jelly. A lover of lobster finds this excellent when served with cold turkey or with game.

Tomatoes with Bread Crumbs.—Scald the tomatoes to peel them; put in stewpan with good piece of butter, some pepper and salt; add some bread crumbs and stew half an hour.

Boiled Asparagus on Toast.—Cut off the white hard ends of the sprouts and wash lightly. Then tie in bundles of six each and drop them into boiling water sufficient to cover. Boil about twenty minutes or until tender; then cut and remove the strings. Have some toast on a platter and carefully place them on the toast lengthwise. Milk gravy may be used as a dressing.

Puff Paste.—To each pound of flour allow a pound of butter, use half of the butter with the flour, and cold water enough to mould it, roll it out quite thin and put on half the butter that remains in small bits, dredge this with flour, roll up the paste, then roll it out again, thin, put on the rest of the butter and roll up as before, repeat this until the butter is all used. It must be done quickly; be careful not to handle it any more than you can help. Put in a cool place until you are ready to use it.

Wine Jelly.—Soak one box of perfectly crystal like gelatine in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then add a cup and a half of granulated sugar and one pint of boiling water. Now add the wine, say half a pint, and another half pint of boiling water; strain through two thickness of cheese cloth; let it stand a moment and strain again; this should be perfectly clear; if the gelatine is all right it certainly cannot be cloudly. Do not put it near the fire, simply use the boiling water, which, of course, must be thoroughly boiled and perfectly clear. You can use the Italian white wine, allowing more than you would with the ordinary wines.

Cream of Celery Soup.—Three roots of celery, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one quart of milk, one pint of water, one tablespoonful of butter; salt and pepper to taste. A piece of onion the size of a silver quarter. Wash the celery and cut in small pieces, cover with and boil thirty minutes. Press through a colander. Put the milk on to boil in a farina boiler, add to it the water and the celery pressed through the colander, also the onion. Rub butter and flour together and stir into the boiling soup, and stir until it thickens. Add salt and pepper and serve at once.

OYSTERS IN ANCIENT TIMES.—From the oldest times the oyster has been in demand. Vitellius was supposed to eat one thousand oysters a day; Calisthenes and Caligula were both fond of the savory mollusk, and Seneca and Cicero were also lovers of them. Lucullus so appreciated them that he had sea-water brought to his villa from Campania and bred them for friends, and to the Roman Sergius Orata is due the origin of the oyster park. Louis XI. feasted the famous doctors of Sorbonne once a year on an oyster supper, and invested his cook with an order of nobility for his skill in preparing them. Cervantes, though he satirized oystermen, was fond of their wares, while Marshal Turgot, Rousseau, Helvetius, Diderot, the Abbe Raynal, and Voltaire, were all noted for the number of oysters they ate at a sitting, the first-named considering one hundred as a fair appetizer, while Dr. Gastaldi, the famous epicure, was equal to forty dozen at a sitting.